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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Universal Prayer; Death; a Vision of Heaven; and a Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. 4to. pp. 140. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

WITHIN the present year we had to review a preceding volume of sacred poetry by this highly gifted author; the praise we bestowed upon which has been amply justified by the almost unprecedented call for seven editions within little more than seven months. We must, therefore, now consider him as a confirmed public favourite; and may spare ourselves the task of repeating eulogies or severer critical duties. Our opinion shall be simply and fairly stated. The volume now before us consists of the four poems indicated in the title-page, and two minor pieces: the whole in blank verse. Of the four, we may say that we infinitely prefer Death, and the Vision of Heaven, to the other two; though the Universal Prayer is a calm and dignified production, replete with pure devotional feelings. But we will take them in their order, and make a few remarks on each; only prefacing the whole with the general observation, that Mr. Montgomery (not yet, we believe, of age!) must still be viewed as combining the noblest endowments of genius with something of the effervescence and inexperience of youth. The rapidity with which he has followed up his former great and successful effort must also be taken into account; and while we admire the vigour and fecundity of his ardent mind, we may discover an excuse for the inaccuracies and errors which yet occur in his works.

The Universal Prayer reminds us of the inspired writings of the Psalmist, and we will quote two short passages as examples of its beauty.

"And may the old, upon whose gray-worn heads
Past Time has placed an honourable crown,
When earth grows dim, and worldly joys decay,
Find heaven advancing, as the world retires!
O Thou that fathomest the guilty mind,
And canst unravel each unhallow'd thought
Untold, arouse the erring soul, by sin
Withdrawn from thee! unveil the form of Vice,
And bare her hideous aspect to the eye
Of Truth; then bid the rebel heart return,
And blot its errors with repentant tears."

"In every scene
A love for thee prevails; creation breathes
Of heaven. The vaulted sky bedropt with stars,
The ocean roll'd to rest, or sending up
Tremendous pæans to her mighty Lord!—
The field and flower—whate'er in noontide walk
Is sweet,—allure his wondering heart to Him,
The source and spirit of the moving whole:
All order, beauty, and perfection here,
Are but as shadows of more perfect bliss
Cast from a purer world; he dwells in Thee,
And Thou in him; heaven is his native home,
And immortality shall hail him there."

Yet there are symptoms of haste and carelessness in this poem. At page 12, the "*Sun* of Truth" is made feminine;—the following line is bad, and too alliterative:

"Revealed,—we all are wrecked on rocks of sin:

at page 14, the passions are strangely distinguished from impulse, which roams "unheeded of the voice within:" the "*shadow* of a thought," is rather a questionable expression in itself, but unallowable in a verse where, within two lines, the '*well* of thought" is mentioned: and in this same page, the indiscriminate use of *each* and *every*, with only three words between them, is, to say the least, inelegant. At p. 16, an *arrow* plucked without leaving a *sting*, is also objectionable; and the annexed must have a like verdict—

"Arise,
God of the slave and *free!* and dash *their chains.*"

The foregoing, it is true, are little more than verbal criticisms; but it is an attention to words, as well as to the purity of images and metaphors, which constitutes the refined charm of poetry. Therefore, the phrase "*sainted* blood," applied to the Saviour of the world, is decidedly ill chosen.

We now take up the poem on Death, which is, indeed, a splendid performance. The author sets out by invoking the Tyrant of the World; and then discursively glances at various scenes where his terrors appear. These are surveyed with the eye of true poetry; and, whether grandly dreadful, or affectingly pathetic, belong to the best order of inspiration. Death's agents are described: Murder, "his visage blanched with guilt, and *cold as dead revenge!*" But we will, before offering further remarks, select a beautiful picture of infancy falling in the bud, though with some imperfections.

"Lo!
A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his *trepid* [qy?] locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy *shaped* his brow, and Pleasure *rolls* his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.
To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.
The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon, and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed—
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above."

From the fate of Genius we may also quote a portion, as an example probably of the writer's own emotions.

"To have thy glory mapp'd upon the chart
Of Time, and be immortal in the truth
And offspring of a lofty soul: to build
A monument of mind, on which the world
May gaze, and round it future ages throng,—
Such is the godlike wish for ever warm
And stirring in thy spirit's depth: and oft
Beneath the mute magnificence of heaven,
When wandering at the radiant hour of noon,
Ambition dares, and hope secures thee all!
Romantic boy! ambition is thy curse;
And ere upon the pinnacle of fame
Thou stand'st, with triumph beaming from thy brow,
The grave will hold thee and thy buried hopes.
The path to glory is a path of fire
To feeling hearts, all gifted though they be,
And martyrs to the genius they adore:
The wear of passion and the waste of thought,
The glow of inspiration and the gloom
That like a death-shade clouds the brightest hour,—
And that fierce rack on which a faithless world
Will make thee writhe—all those ennerving pangs,
With agonies that mock the use of words,
Thou canst not bear—thy temple is a tomb!"

A city devoured by plague, a lovely maiden dying of consumption, a captive sinking in his dungeon, a forlorn female perishing in the streets, and other vivid sketches, follow in succession; but we must content ourselves with one variety more, and a very few slight and insulated specimens alike of the excellent and of the unpolished.

"All that we love and feel on Nature's face
Bear dim relations to our common doom.
The clouds that blush and die a beamy death,
Or weep themselves away in rain; the streams
That flow along in dying music,—leaves
That fade, and drop into the frosty arms
Of Winter, there to mingle with dead flowers,—
Are all prophetic of our own decay.
And who, when hung enchanted o'er some page
Where genius flashes from each living line,
Hath never wander'd to the tomb to see
The hand that penned it, and the head that thought
Yet feelings, colour'd by the cloud of death,
With sweet oppression oft o'erflow the mind,
As when with pauseful step we pace some aisle,
And own the eloquence of tombs: or when
Sublimely musing by the sounding deep,
We watch the ever-rolling waves career
To where the ocean weds the sky, and think—
Thus roll away the restless hours of time!"

Of similar beauty and greater novelty are these fine lines:—

"And when the wind,
Like a stray infant down autumnal dales,
Roamed wailingly, she loved to mourn and muse;
To commune with the lonely orphan flowers,
And through sweet Nature's ruin trace her own.
But through the churchyard's silent range to roam,
Was her most saddening joy.
No warriors hand to hand and sword to sword
Confronted, till from out some bloody gap
Their spirits bound into eternity!
The very dust
That in our daily walks we tread, had once
Some breathing mould of beauty been!
I glow'd
With thoughts that panted to be eloquent.
Yet only ventured forth in tears!"

It is not easy from passages so detached to gather the complete effect and spirit: but these can hardly be read without eliciting a perception of their high poetic character. Among the trifling blemishes which require pointing

out in this superb composition, are, the sketch of *Madness*, "like a pale cloud she glides along," which is rather descriptive of *Melancholy*;—the absurd image, "in the joyous *eye* of daily Life, how frequent Death will thrust his woful *face!*"—the phrase, "a fainting sound;"—and another phrase, of the "fierce rain hissing, as though each drop would dash a shower."

The Vision of Heaven, though the idea was probably suggested by Southey's, is of a very different kind, and contains some admirable poetry. Yet it opens very inauspiciously:

"*One* summer evening, from the molten sky,
When radiance came to beautify the world,
By Fancy led, along *some* lawny vale
I roam'd."

The *one* changing to *some*, the definite to the indefinite, is hardly the worst of this passage; for on turning the page we found "the lawny vale" also changed into "the woody dale"—not altogether inconsistent, it is true, but not certainly in perfect landscape keeping.* But then come redeeming beauties far beyond the price of such minute offence. The Poet is in fancy borne upward, and

"Beneath the span
Of heaven, all earth lay languishing in light;
Her streamlets with a bee-like murmur ran,
And while the trees like living creatures waved
Their plumage to the wind, the bird and breeze
Together hymn'd and harmonised the air.
I roam'd, then sat delighted on a mound
Green-tress'd and glitt'ring in the dizzy rays
Of eve, and heavenward turn'd my musing eye.
Who ever glanced the heavens, nor dream'd of God,
Of human destiny, and things divine?
O that mine eye could pierce yon azure cope!
Thus stirred the daring thought; and while it warm'd
Within, a trance like heavenly music stole
Upon my spirit, weaning earthly sense,
Till, in a vision, up the airy deep
It darted, as a sky-bird to the clouds!
Thus disembodied, through the air I wing'd,
Till earth beneath me in the glassy depth
Lay twinkling like a star."

He recognises Milton in the celestial regions; but,

"Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
Remember'd loves and unforgotten friends
Were recognised again! Along a mead
Of bright immensity I saw them stray;
Not anguish-worn, or rack'd with inward fears,
But shining in the beauty of the bless'd:—
Oh! ye in life so loved, in death so mourn'd!
How oft affection through the desert world
Delights to track ye where your feet have trod,
Through fav'rite walks, or fancy-haunted bowers!
On twilight breezes wing your voices? or
In fairy music fraught with infant years,
Are echoes woven from your hymns above?
In mournful days and melancholy hours
We think of you: we shrine ye in the stars,
And recreate ye in celestial dreams!"

Of the poem entitled a Vision of Hell (which resembles neither Milton's nor Byron's) we shall say very little. It is bold and severely moral; but will, we are of opinion, be much condemned, and not without justice. The youth of the writer is indeed hardly sufficient apology for his presumption in placing among "ruined souls" the portraits of individuals recently dead, the originals of which cannot be mistaken.† Hell is too appalling to admit of personality; and we could have wished that this piece had not been where it is, to weaken the sentiments kindled by its nobler associates. We must also dismiss the short productions, Beautiful Influences, and on Seeing a Celebrated Poet, with a single word; but it is of strong commendation, especially of the latter.

On the whole, in concluding our criticism, we have to notice frequent occasions in which Mr. M. commits the fault of going in the same sentence from the past to the present time with his verbs (see pages 50 and 89); and also two or three examples of inharmonious measure.

"Then fiercely dives below, (the) while thunders roll," p. 40.

"Along the mid-heaven floated fairy isles," p. 86.

"Death and Time devoured no more:
The doom revokeless, by prophetic lips foretold," p. 103:

are not blank verse. At page 115 the term antipodes is hardly classical. But no more of these trivial specks, which, after all, are but as those which are seen upon the face of the sun. We have adduced them as lessons to other bards, and in support of our judgment touching the mixed character of genius and inexperience belonging to Mr. Montgomery's work. Taken altogether, it is a great and an extraordinary performance, and will much extend the fame so truly deserved by its author.

* We also dislike the canopy of heaven depicted as of "rainbows, whose transparent *gleams* like *water-shadows* shone;" and three sequent lines, p. 99, beginning with *that*—a blot so easily avoided.

† There is a glorious trait in speaking of one of these as

"One of those surpassing minds
It takes a cent'ry to create."

The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century. A Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, H. Colburn.

USELESS and common-place mysteries, got up for the sake of a melo-dramatic scene; a hero; the usual necessary nothingness; a heroine in Lady Morgan's most approved style, her identity with herself always in doubt; a plot—but truly that is an ingredient commonly dispensed with in modern novels; and this one quite eschews so old-fashioned a commodity. And yet, with all this to censure, the book is evidently the production of a very clever person; it is the lively, keen observation, which would fill a tourist's portfolio with amusing sketches; it is the vivacity, which would throw off an excellent essay,—but without the talent, or perhaps the experience, necessary for a well-connected novel. Written entirely with reference to the melancholy condition of Ireland, the author has shewn equal discernment and liberality: faults and foibles are severely but entertainingly sketched; while the better parts of the picture are far from being left in the back ground; and we give great credit to the spirit in which they are written. Some scenes, to which we must allow considerable praise, are too long for insertion: perhaps the following quotation is as fair a specimen as any, and, besides, exhibits one peculiar merit in these volumes, viz. several spirited conversations.

"'A good talker!—And who, may I ask, Mr. Secretary, are you so defining?' 'Sir Walter,' answered the secretary. 'I told you,' muttered Gunning, aside to Gerald: then he proceeded aloud, indeed very loud; 'Good talkers! I don't know a more silly cant of this canting day. Mention the name of minister, poet, painter, actor, or essayist,—and the question is, not how does he tax us, or rhyme, or paint, or act, or twist a simple thread of common sense, but 'how does he talk?' that's the important point.' 'But a great name is adorned, at least, by the possession of this pleasing quality,' said Mr. Stewart. 'Indeed, sir!' Gerald thought that the cynic was gratified to engage Mr. Stewart upon a question, in the discussion of which he could, to the utmost verge of language, inconvenience that gentleman's nationality;—'pardon me, it is eclipsed by it. There's Coleridge has lost his poetical name altogether, by his fascinations in the new mode of egotism. The Count de Soligny, in his last letters on England, after giving but a cold account of the bard's published works, adds, 'but I have heard him talk!' thereby grounding his admiration of Coleridge's genius on the man's *un*published, talking essays.' 'I was indeed hurt myself to read, this morning, in a licentious periodical work, the account of Coleridge's egotism, given by a cockney essayist,' said the bishop, 'while 'explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister,' Coleridge's 'chant' is, in a strong vein of affectation, much lauded.' 'Chant!—good!' resumed Mr. Gunning; 'ay, and Wordsworth's chant too; and this is the same essayist who constantly exhibits old Northcote as such a talker; adding not a word about his easel. Pray, secretary, how does your courtly Sir Thomas talk? very smoothly, I know, and all that; but how else?' 'Very sensibly.' 'He doesn't mean his answer,' whispered Gunning to Gerald, and then continued: 'Dr. Morris, during his visit at Abbotsford, thought little of the great Northern until he began, after dinner, to recite or talk some of his 'auld world stories;' and then such a picture as we get of his style of recitation, and of his eyes, eyebrows, and all!' 'And the hero of the Shandrydan,' said Gerald, 'in afterwards instituting a comparison between 'the great poet of Scotland, and the great poet of the lakes,' certainly says not a word about their works, but all about their 'different styles of conversation.' 'To be sure: and Wordsworth's 'sonorousness'—chant, I suppose—drawl—I am sure, is quite as much admired as Coleridge's since has been. Then Hobhouse wrote a large volume, partly of memoirs of the Italian rhymsters; and there we find ingenuity on the stretch to ascertain Ugo Foscolo's method of talking. On the authority of 'a lady' who enjoyed the advantage of Ortis's private society, he seems to be a rapid, ceaseless babbler, until we are checked by the grave historical account of his statue-like delivery of certain set speeches in Venice, when we are given to understand that he never loosed his two hands from the back of a chair, nor raised his voice beyond a monotonous rumble.' 'Who is Ugo Foscolo?' asked Lord Horsemantown. 'Ask John Murray,' answered the secretary, sneering. 'And honest John will tell your lordship that he knew him very well,' added Gunning; 'and perhaps he can also supply some notion of Ugo's diversified manner, when upon certain occasions he used, in the fervour of his talking, to toss himself about upon a chair or sofa, and strew the carpet with his locks of—not 'sable,' but brickdust 'silvered.' 'The Edinburgh was half right, some time ago—' began Mr. Stewart. 'What! do you ever think it right?' interrupted Mr. Gunning. '*Apropos* to that, or to something like it,—I beg pardon a moment—Nixon, pen, ink, and paper,' said the secretary, of a sudden,—'pray let me stand excused; but there is one little matter I shall have no time but this evening to do—just a scribble—and I stop no one, not even your discussion, Gunning,—for you know I can write and *talk* together;' and, as he had done speaking, the servant placed the pen, ink, and paper, to his hand; and the secretary immediately began his new task. 'I was about to mention,' resumed Mr. Stewart, 'that though we seldom agree, I did think the Edinburgh warranted in censuring, as scarcely polite, the very talent for which John Philpot Curran's Irish admirers highly praise him; his engrossing habits of conversation at table, and his setting the table in a roar, and all that.' 'No doubt they were right, sir,' assented Mr. Gunning, in a view of his own; 'and yet I presume the Scottish critic would

be one of the first to bless the man who, in his own house, makes his Welsh guests, among others, listen to retails or anticipations of poems or novels, sold or to be sold.' 'But poems and novels of which the repetition can never tire,' said Gerald. 'In the reading, I grant you: you will remark, sir, that we do not now speak of their extraordinary merit—indeed, not at all of them, but merely of their being *so* talked about.' 'Can't men think?' observed Lord Horsemantown. 'No, my lord, because they talk. Talkers! we are grown a nation of talkers. We usurp the women's ancient privilege, and they can only listen to it; it is come to that with them. We leave it to the North American Indians to say 'much talk, little do;' and their Squaws are the only remaining branch of the gentler sex, whose taciturn husbands allow to female tongues the enjoyment of their prescriptive right.' 'There is an actor,' said Mr. Grady, mysteriously, 'who, for talking Greek after dinner, gets more puffed by the press than on account of his doings behind the lamps.' 'I propose a college of talkers,' said the secretary, not stopping his pen, at least observedly; 'nay, a London University, with preparatory schools. I propose an abolition of printed poems, and all kind of books, and the substitution of talking bodies—' 'Of the first of which, Coleridge shall be president,' put in Gunning. 'If you like; but in them let the characters of literary men, at least, be fixed, by good talking works, and afterwards disseminated, by affiliated institutions, over the world.' 'It might be a good way, secretary, to save ourselves the perplexity of our present mixed notion of only doubtful prose or rhyme, and good talking. We should then get a whole character before us.' 'Newton knew nothing about talking,' observed Gerald. 'He had no need,' said Lord Horsemantown. 'I know of a Newton who does,' observed the secretary, in his dry way. 'The very delightful painter?' inquired Gerald. 'Mr. Newton the painter,' rejoined the secretary. 'And after all,' continued Gunning, 'even when we give one of these gentlemen his most wished-for title of 'good talker,' 'tis but a limited and qualified title. They cannot always, nor in every situation, talk well—nay, at all. Thus, Coleridge and Wordsworth are supreme in metaphysics; the one in his metaphysics, the other after a sermon: give them Cobbett, and they stare: yet the turnip-farmer is choice on his own plot of ground; to all intents and purposes, a first-rate talker. Ay, or place the dreamer of the Ancient Mariner, and the dreamer of the Excursion together, and, all to nothing, one becomes a listener, or both wax stupid. Foscolo told me he knew Coleridge when he first came to England; I believe they lived some time in the same house (at least Ugo said so), but did not continue friends. I remember him averring, in a torrent of stunning volubility, that the Highgate Hermit talked too much."

The character of Mr. Gore is well sketched: confounding extravagance with generosity, being too often mean from having been too profuse, and prone to recklessness both in receiving and returning obligations, are drawn in those dark colours they truly merit. Some of the scenes from lower life are almost painfully accurate: but our whole acquaintance with the three volumes has been obtained too hastily, and too late in the week, to admit of our speaking more decidedly to the character of the work.

A Guide to Mount's Bay, &c.

We return to this pleasant volume of the *dulce et utile*, agreeably to our promise, and shall first make a few extracts relative to some of the Cornish mines.

"The names by which the Cornish mines are distinguished are usually invented by the first adventurers, and are often whimsical enough: the usual prefix, *huel* (always pronounced, and generally erroneously spelt, wheel), signifies, in the Cornish language, *a hole;* while the specific name of the mine is taken from some trivial or accidental circumstance: thus Dolcoath was the name of an old woman, Dorothy Koath, who lived upon the spot where the working of the mine commenced; Huel Providence was so called from the accidental way in which it was discovered; and Huel Boys from the lode having been first noticed by children who had been playing, and digging pits in imitation of shafts. By a rough calculation, it may be stated that there are about 130 mines in the country; but the number is of course subject to variation, old workings being frequently given up, and new mines opened, or forsaken ones resumed. Besides the mines, there are also 'stream works,' which afford a large quantity of the purest oxide. They occur in valleys, and derive their name from the manner in which they are worked, which merely consists in washing the alluvial soil, by directing a stream of water over it, when, the finer particles being washed away, the tin ore is procured in a separate form. The process is termed streaming for tin. It is a singular fact, that the only traces of gold to be found in Cornwall are in these alluvial depositions, in which it sometimes occurs in small grains, mostly detached, but occasionally adhering to quartz. The miners engaged in the stream works are generally prepared with quills, into which they drop these particles as they find them; and when the quill is full, it is carried to the goldsmith for sale, and considered as a perquisite."

Speaking of the Crown Engine of Botallack, so named from its vicinity to three rocks called the Three Crowns, Dr. Paris says:

"This is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary and surprising places in the mining districts of Cornwall, whether considered for the rare and rich assemblage of its minerals, or for the wild and stupendous character of its rock scenery. Surely, if ever a spot seemed to bid defiance to the successful efforts of the miner, it was the site of the Crown Engine at Botallack, where, at the very commencement of his subterranean labours, he was required to lower a steam-engine down a precipice of more than two hundred feet, with the view of extending his operations under the bed of the Atlantic ocean!!! There is something in the very idea which alarms the imagination; and the situation and appearance of the gigantic machine, together with the harsh jarring of its bolts, re-echoed from the surrounding rocks, are well calculated to excite our astonishment. But if you are thus struck and surprised at the scene when viewed from the cliff above, how much greater will be your wonder if you descend to the surface of the mine. You will then behold a combination of the powers of Art, with the wild sublimity of Nature, which is quite unparalleled; the effects of the whole being not a little heightened by the hollow roar of the raging billows, which are perpetually lashing the cliff beneath. In looking up, you will observe troops of mules laden with sacks of coals, for the supply of the engine, with their undaunted riders, fearlessly trotting down the winding path which you trembled at descending even on foot. As you approach the engine, the cliff becomes almost perpendicular, and the ore raised from the mine is therefore drawn up over an inclined plane, by means of a horse-engine placed on the extreme verge of the overhanging rocks above, and which seems to the spectator below as if suspended in 'mid air.' The workings of this mine extend at least seventy fathoms in length under the bed of the sea; and in these caverns of darkness are many human beings, for a small pittance, and even that of a precarious amount, constantly digging for ore, regardless of the horrors which surround them, and of the roar of the Atlantic ocean, whose boisterous waves are incessantly rolling over their heads. We should feel pity for the wretch who, as an atonement for his crimes, should be compelled to undergo the task which the Cornish miner voluntarily undertakes, and as cheerfully performs; yet such is the force of habit, that very rarely does any other employment tempt him to forsake his own: the perils of his occupation are scarcely noticed, or if noticed are soon forgotten."

This place is amazingly rich in mineral products, besides the staples tin and copper.

Smelting tin ore "consists in first heating the ore, with about an eighth part of culm,* in a reverberatory furnace for six hours, during which period the sulphur and arsenic are volatilised, and the ore is reduced to its metallic state; the furnace is then tapped, and the liquid metal run out: a second melting, however, is necessary before it is sufficiently pure to be cast into blocks,† and assayed at the coinage. After this last melting, and before the tin is poured into the moulds, a piece of green apple-tree wood is thrown into the liquid metal, and kept under its surface, the effect of which is to throw up the scoria with rapidity; it would seem to act merely in producing a violent ebullition, by the sudden disengagement of steam. One hundred parts of the oxide of tin ('black tin'), at an average, will yield about sixty-five parts of metal, or white tin, as it is technically termed. * * *

"At present the greatest metallic product of the county is copper,‡ although this metal is comparatively of modern discovery, and has not been worked longer than a century. The reason assigned for its having so long remained concealed, is the assumed fact, that copper generally occurs at a much greater depth than tin, and that, consequently, the ancients, for want of proper machinery to drain off the water, were compelled to relinquish the metallic vein before they reached the copper. It is stated by Pryce, in his Mineralogia Cornubiensis, as a general rule, that tin seldom continued rich and worth working lower than fifty fathoms; but of late years the richest tin mines in Cornwall have been much deeper. Trevenen mine was 150, Hewas Downs 140, Poldice 120, and Huel Vor is now upwards of 130 fathoms in depth. Upon the first discovery of copper ore, the miner, to whom its nature was entirely unknown, gave

* "A species of very pure coal, containing no sulphur. It is imported from Wales.

† "It is a favourite custom to dress a beef steak on the pure tin in the mould, as soon as the surface becomes sufficiently hard to bear it; and it must be admitted to be very far superior to that which is cooked in the ordinary manner.

‡ "In the year 1822 the produce of the copper mines in Cornwall amounted to 106,723 tons of ore, which produced 9,331 tons in copper, and 676,285*l.* in money. Whereas the quantity of tin ore raised did not exceed 20,000 tons."

it the name of *poder;* and it will hardly be credited in these times, when it is stated, that he regarded it not only as useless, but upon its appearance was actually induced to abandon the mine: the common expression upon such an occasion was, 'that the ore came in and spoilt the tin.'* About the year 1735, Mr. Coster, a mineralogist of Bristol, observed this said poder among the heaps of rubbish; and seeing that the miners were wholly unacquainted with its value, he formed the design of converting it to his own advantage; he accordingly entered into a contract to purchase as much of it as could be supplied. The scheme succeeded, and Coster long continued to profit by Cornish ignorance. The mines in the county of Cornwall consist chiefly of tin and copper, besides which there are some which yield lead,† cobalt,‡ and silver.§ The ores are in veins, which are provincially termed lodes, the most important of which run in an east and west direction: during their course they vary considerably in width,—from that of a barley-corn to thirty-six feet; the average may be stated at from one to four feet. It is, however, by no means regular; the same lode will vary in size from six inches to two feet in the space of a few fathoms. No instance has yet occurred of lodes having been cut out in depth: the deepest mine now at work is Dolcoath, which is about 235 fathoms from the surface to the lowest part.‖ Crenver and Oatfield have lately been stopped: they were 240 fathoms deep. The rocks through which the lodes descend are of different kinds; thus are copper and tin found in granite as well as in slate. The tin in these veins generally occurs in the state of an oxide: the only copper ore of any consequence is copper pyrites, or sulphuret of copper; the arsenates, carbonates, &c. being too small in quantity to be of any importance in a mining point of view. Iron and arsenical pyrites are also very common attendants, and are both confounded under the name of *mundic.* Besides the metalliferous veins which run easterly and westerly, we have already stated that there are others, not generally containing ore, which maintain a direction from north to south, and on that account are called cross courses, and often prove to the miner a great source of trouble and vexation; for they not only cut through the other veins, but frequently alter their position, or *heave* them, as it is termed; and it is a very curious fact, that most of the tin and copper lodes thus heaved, are shifted in such a manner as to be generally found by turning to the right hand; left-handed heaves being comparatively rare. In Huel Peever this vexatious phenomenon occurred, and it was not until after a search of forty years that the lode was recovered."

In our former Number we described a Cornish fête; but the following is so peculiar to Helston, that we are also tempted to transcribe it,—it is called the *Furry.*

"The morning of the eighth of May is ushered in with the sound of drums and kettles, when the streets are soon thronged with spectators and assistants in the mysteries. So strict is the observance of this day as a general holyday, that should any person be found at work, he is instantly seized, set astride on a pole, and hurried on men's shoulders to the river, where, if he does not commute his punishment by a fine, he is sentenced to leap over a wide place, which he of course fails in attempting, and falls into the water, to the great amusement of the spectators. At about the hour of nine the revellers appear before the grammar school, and make their demand of a prescriptive holyday, after which they collect contributions from house to house. They then *fadé* into the country (*fadé* being an old English word for *go*), and about noon return with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps: from this time they dance, hand in hand, through the streets, preceded by a violin, playing an ancient traditional tune.* There is also a traditional song which is sung in chorus, involving the history of Robin Hood, whose connexion with the present festival it is not easy to understand. Upon this occasion it is a right, assumed from time immemorial, for the persons engaged in the dance to enter and run through any house they please, without molestation. The higher classes of the inhabitants having, with much good humour, assisted in the rites of the day, and performed their *ex-forensic* orgies, resort to the ball-room, where they are usually met by the neighbouring families, and by those strangers who may happen to be in this part of Cornwall. The merry dance is commenced at an early hour, and generally protracted to the dawn of the ensuing day."

We find we must still reserve our pilchards for another week.

* "The Saxon miners formerly regarded cobalt in the same way. They considered it so troublesome when they found it among other ores, that a prayer was used in the German church, that God would preserve miners from cobalt and from spirits.

† "Lead is principally found in cross courses, or north and south veins. The lead yields about sixty ounces of silver per ton.

‡ "Huel Sparnon tin and copper mine, in the parish of Redruth, is the only mine in the county that ever produced any considerable quantity of cobalt: one fragment raised from it weighed 1,333 pounds.

§ "In the copper lode of Huel Ann there occurred a distinct vein of black and gray silver ore, with native silver, from two to five inches wide, with a wall of quartz on each side. It was, however, very short.

‖ "As the counting-house of Dolcoath has been determined to be 360 feet above the level of the sea, the mine extends 1050 feet below it; which is probably deeper under the sea level than any mine in the globe."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Mr. John Martin's Plan for Supplying with Pure Water the Cities of London and Westminster, and of materially improving and beautifying the Western Parts of the Metropolis. Second edition, illustrated with numerous Plates.

Mr. Martin perseveres, with the ardour of a man of genius, in his efforts to induce the public to adopt the plan which he recommends, and which has already been described in the *Literary Gazette,* for supplying London and Westminster with wholesome water. The main obstacle will probably be the cost of its execution; and yet this is a consideration which ought not, for a single moment, to be put in competition with the salutary results which no one doubts would be produced by so desirable an object.

The Apology of an Officer for withdrawing from the Profession of Arms, contained in a Letter addressed to the King; and a Series of Letters to a Friend, on the Causes and Evils of War, its Unlawfulness, &c. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 272. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

The author, obviously a very worthy, pious, and conscientious gentleman, having taken it into his head that war was unlawful for a Christian, and that even to defend one's-self from attack was a damning crime, has proved the sincerity of his principles by giving up his commission as a Captain in the Navy, and endeavoured to explain his motives and reasons in this publication. We were aware that there is a numerous sect who maintain the unlawfulness of war; but, until we perused this volume, we had no idea that they carried their notions literally to the length of allowing their throats to be cut without offering resistance, and leaving vengeance, as they express it, to the Lord. To argue on such a point, while the world remains unchanged, appears to us to be a ridiculous waste of sense; for though all men must agree, that peace with its harmonies and beauties is infinitely preferable to war with its scourges and horrors, yet to contend that the good, the quiet, the inoffensive, and the virtuous, should deliver themselves up, bound hand and foot, to the wicked and violent, is to offer an encouragement to ruffianly force and vice that would speedily convert this fair creation into a hell of blood, and sin, and misery. It is no matter whence sophisms are drawn to prop so monstrous a theory,—it is but a visionary piece of enthusiastic folly, where goodness of heart has overpowered soundness of intellect.

* It is a remarkably pretty air.—*Ed. L. G.*

REVIEW EXTRA AND EXCLUSIVE!

[Having had to bemoan the paucity of new publications for several weeks past, it was with much pleasure, while we sat dozing listlessly in our great study-chair (one of Pratt's softest, easiest, most elastic, and best of *iron-stuffed* cushions) on Tuesday night, though even so late as the twelfth hour, which divided the month of September from the month of October, and the autumnal from the winter quarter of the year;—it was with much pleasure, we repeat, that we saw a huge and goodly package of new books laid upon our table, and heard the voice of the bearer (not one of our accustomed devils, but apparently a shade darker, and therefore exceedingly black,) announcing "*a lot of books for review.*" We immediately untied the string, and, in our hurry to devour the contents of these numerous tomes (which we were amazed at the little devil carrying so easily), were delighted beyond measure on finding that the volumes were ready *cut up,* and that our ivory folder might enjoy a sinecure! Travels! Poetry!! A fashionable Novel!!! and so many miscellaneous works!!!! and all together: and at this season of dearth and dulness! Well, it cannot rain but it pours. Vanish messenger, with as slight a smell of sulphur as possible; and be grateful to us, readers, for we have lost no time in ransacking the precious cargo for your edification and entertainment.]

First: *A Six Weeks' Tour on the Continent.* By a Professional Gentleman. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray, Wife, Son, Daughter, and Co.

Eight volumes in six weeks beats Dr. Granville's fifteen hundred pages in four months hollow; but we are not in a grumbling humour at this time, and will even take quantity for quality with becoming thankfulness. But of what profession is our Professional Gentleman? One might think, from the bulk of his labours, that he was a professed author, a writer by trade, or, as our French neighbours call it, an *homme de lettres.* Is he a clergyman or an actor, a physician or a musician, a lawyer or a gentleman? for every body performs tours now-a-days, and, what is more, publishes accounts of them; so that not even an invalid of either sex can go to Spa or Aix la Chapelle without telling the world all about it. The present is, however, a production of a superior order; and the traveller seems to have looked as sharp as he rode, and to have peeped into as many holes and corners as was possible within the limited number of hours he had to spare, after a due allowance for sleeping and sea-sickness.

Sailing from London on Saturday morning, August the 2d, he was at Berlin on Tuesday night, the 5th; and must, consequently, have seen a great deal in four days. The steam-packet, Sir Edward Banks, indeed, made a capital voyage of fifty-four hours to Hamburgh; and posting from Hamburgh to Berlin occu-

pied but thirty-five hours. Among the passengers, per steamer, were a brace of newly married couples, who had just finished their moons, and were going abroad in search of amusement; and two gentlemen who were on their way to the Continent to take wives. The former bore the misfortunes of the voyage with remarkable patience; the latter, on the contrary, were as cross with the fair wind as if it had been contrary, and accused the boiler of not working with even a forty-ass power. Instead of being content when the weather was calm, they were furious; and at one period absolutely threatened to break the captain on his own paddle-wheel, unless he applied more force to speed them on their way. Happily Stadt was reached, and four-pence paid for every parcel, towards the maintenance of the King of Hanover.—Heaven bless him and his government! and shortly after, a landing was safely effected at Hamburgh, with the entrance to which port the master was a little better acquainted than he of the *Columbine* was with the road of Boulogne, when he run his terrified passengers ashore, a fortnight ago, within a mile or two of Ambleteuse. So much for the modern improvements in naval tactics, and keeping a reckoning by so many pints of boiling water, instead of so many points of the compass!

Altona is so called by the cockney Hamburghers from being *all too near* their city; but near as it was and is, our tourist did not stop to visit it. Indeed he hardly looked at Hamburgh; but as that place has been admirably described by Mr. Rae Wilson, we the less regret the present omission; and any of our readers desiring further information may consult a guide-book. The Stuhl Wagen (two gigs in a basket cart, pro post-chaise) from Hamburgh to Berlin, is a prodigious treat, as the driver generally gets drunk as soon as he can, and you have sundry fallings out with him and from his carriage. On this occasion, after trying every diversity of sandy path and waste, the travellers were only once overturned by the stump of a tree, not more than two feet high, and which did (not) lie in their way at all, though the Stuhl-ilion contrived with great ingenuity to find out its latitude. The examination of luggage, on entering Prussia, was very slight; and up to this mark no passport was ever asked for. Berlin is, as we all know, and therefore it should be mentioned again, a fine-looking city, with long and broad streets running at right angles, high and noble houses;—the Unter den Linden promenade (it has not before been stated, and therefore is quite news) was, at the period of our countryman's inspection of it, viz. August 6th, much frequented by nursery-maids, who seemed to speak German as plainly as London maids of the same rank speak English. The Brandenburgh Gate, the marble statues of Blucher, Bulow, &c., the Place des Gens d'Armes, the theatre, and other public buildings, appeared to have undergone little or no change since they were last described; and all that need be said about them is, that they continue to be, as heretofore, grand and imposing. The outside sights cost nothing; but seeing insides is a rather expensive amusement in Germany, as elsewhere; as douceurs and fees do not expose their offerers to be spit upon or knocked down. The King's Palace is a comfortable and neat residence; and the Princess de Leignitz, his left-handed wife, lives in a small house adjoining, which renders matters still more convenient and comfortable. From the Princess of L.'s, the traveller, by a natural transition, went to the arsenal; the former containing arms for the king, and the latter arms for 30,000 of his soldiers; and we rejoice to add, that all were in excellent order and good condition.

Out of Berlin, the Monument of the Allies is the Lion best worth a visit;—it is even better than the Lion at Waterloo! It stands on a rising ground, and commands a tolerable view of the city. About thirty or forty feet high, of cast iron, and in the Gothic style, each side of every pinnacle is inscribed with the name and date of a victory; and among the rest, *La Belle Alliance* is eminently conspicuous. The dedication is inscribed by the king to his people, as a tribute of respect to those who died in achieving these victories, of gratitude to those who fought in them and yet survive, and as an example to posterity to emulate their patriotism and devotedness.

The porcelain manufactory deserves the notice of every one who values tea-cups and saucers; which, as we do not, we advise the purchase of an iron necklace at the foundery (where they are very neatly wrought), as a specimen of Prussian manufactures less likely to be broken in bringing over to England.

At the Opera, on Friday evening, our intelligent friend saw Planché's Oberon translated into German, and listened to by the king and the Princess de Leignitz aforesaid. House crowded; scenery, dresses, and decorations, good; dancing so-so, and singing ditto,—is the critique. Potsdam and Sans Souci were the Saturday's visitations; and you pay for so many things at the former as to leave you sans six sous for the latter, unless your purse is tolerably replenished: the remains of *Frederick the Great*, in room, in house, in palace, in garrison, in church, in tomb, &c. &c. &c. cannot indeed be seen without disbursing a great many of the living king's likenesses, stamped on certain round pieces of metal called silver groschen, good groschen, and even thalers.—But enough of Berlin; and we proceed to Leipsig, with its tall houses of eight stories, respecting which we will tell no stories at all. Notwithstanding which, the Saxon girls are very pretty, &c.; and the road to Dresden is also very pretty, broad, and with plenty of Elbé-room.* At Dresden it was a fair-day, and there was a good show of gingerbread, and crowds of lads and lasses, besides gaming-stalls, toys, and sutling booths; just as at Peckham—only the very children persisted in speaking a foreign language. At the fine bridge here they have a peculiar custom, for which it seems impossible to assign any sufficient earthly or watery reason whatsoever; unless perhaps it may arise from a dread of the bridge falling over, should all the passengers choose to walk on one side, and thus not preserve a due balance and equipoise. Every person crossing it is obliged to take the right-hand side of the way; and if any one transgresses this sapient rule, he is speedily convinced by a sentry that he is wrong. The glorious picture-gallery, the top of Notre-Dame for a glorious view of the city and country round, the tomb of Moreau, the museum, the crockery warehouse, palaces, armories, must all be supposed to be seen; and as the 12th of August occurred during our loyal tourist's stay at Dresden, it is indispensable to mention that he took the opportunity to drink the health of our gracious sovereign George the Fourth, with four times four, to the exceeding astonishment of his host and hostess, their five daughters, two waiters, and one *laquais de place*. It ought also to be recorded for ever, that the ladies promenade in dresses so exactly like the English, that they might perambulate Piccadilly or Bond-street without attracting the slightest attention, though the *paysannes* display more of costume. At the opera it was Oberon again — the singing much better than at Berlin, the scenery of a very mixed order, from gorgeous to wretched.

From Dresden to Vienna the tourist experienced not the slightest trouble with his baggage, either in crossing the Bohemian or Austrian frontiers, of which so many complaints are sometimes heard. At Prague our friend seems to have been confoundedly puzzled by the *carte à manger* in the lingo of Bohemia, being neither able to read it in manuscript, nor understand it when read. He tried his luck, however, at a spell, and got a bad dinner of sundry dishes; but whether flesh, fowl, fish, or any thing else belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, he is not, as it occurs to us, very capable of explaining for the guidance of future English sojourners in this ancient city.

On the wonders of Vienna we shall not dwell at any length. After nine o'clock at night the streets are almost deserted, and have none of the gaiety of London or Paris. In the library there is an extensive collection of famous *distinguished* portraits of all countries, in some sixty folio volumes; it belonged originally to Prince Eugene, and is brought down to the present age: one of the most interesting heads was an apocryphal likeness of the Editor of the *London Literary Gazette*; but if the Emperor applies to us in a proper manner, we will let him have a genuine picture of that highly distinguished individual. The arsenal is splendid; and contains, among other curiosities, the sword of Scander Beg, the armour of Prince Eugene, an instrument to discharge fifty bullets at one pull of the trigger, and a cannon that is loaded by the breech instead of the muzzle. A giraffe adorns the gardens at Schoenbrunn; and the figure and armour of a tiny Tyrolese foot-page, about eight feet high, who used to attend one of the emperors, graces the Belvidere.

Luxembourg either is or ought to be well known in England as a sort of country palace of the Emperor Francis, with the whole of the apartments on the ground-floor, and most beautiful grounds adorned with temples, towers, bridges, waterfalls, lakes, streams, and other *deliciæ sylvarum*; besides a ground for a tournament, with the lists and all the other chivalric parts in excellent order for

"Free and gentle passages at arms."

Our countryman extended his ride hence to Baden, and rather disapproves of the ladies and gentlemen taking the baths promiscuously; though it is surely less improper in these warm, blue-coloured, and sulphureous springs, than in the clear and open sea at Brighton and other watering places, on our own coasts, where the same practice is religiously observed.

From Vienna our Professional Gentleman took the route by Lintz, along the magnificent and dark-rolling Danube; and at Enns took a waltz at a ball in the hotel, which waltzing is in Germany a very grave and serious business, and by no means like the giddy twirlings of British imitation, turning the heads of the poor innocents, till they are almost ready to swoon in the encircling embrace of their bewildered partners. From Lintz to Salzbourg furnishes nothing worth extracting; and we have not a word to spare on Paracelsus, nor his tomb at the latter place. Crossing a portion of Bavaria we find an account of the salt-

* Quære—Speaking of the Saxon girls, should it not be elbow-room?—*Printer's Devil.*

works; and at Inspruck, of a house with a golden roof, which we wish we had here.

Munich, as it does with every modern visiter, excited the utmost admiration of our countryman, who speaks in raptures of the munificence, taste, and patronage of the arts and literature of its illustrious King. Munich seems to be rapidly becoming, under his sceptre, the Athens of Germany.

Returning home by Augsburg, Ulm (where the hotel containing forty bed-rooms, and Heaven knows how many beds, was crammed to the last inch of sleeping space), Stuttgard, Ludwigsburg, Heilbrunn, &c. &c., we need not follow our remarkably pleasant, intelligent, and able Professional Gentleman any farther. Descending the Rhine, he received the following characteristic sketch of German manners from a friend at *Bonn*; to which we cheerfully give place, as an example of the spirited style in which this entire work is executed.

"It is well known that the students in the different German universities affect great eccentricity of manners and dress, as well as of opinions. The present is the costume of the students of Bonn:—A small green cloth cap, with a bit of leather in front, quite unfit for its original intention of covering the head and shading the eyes; and the binding of the cap generally differs in colour, to denote the club to which the student belongs. The hair is worn long and lank; or if curled, the curls must turn in towards the head, instead of outwards, as every body else would curl the hair. The nose is often adorned with a large pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, worn rather for affectation of singularity than from any dimness of sight occasioned by intensity of abstruse study. The mustache and a ittle imperial beneath the lower lip are encouraged, while the ordinary facial clothing of a whisker is usually shaved clean off. A pipe, the tube of which would answer for a cudgel, and whose bowl is as big as a breakfast-cup, seldom leaves the mouth of the owner. The countenance is generally set-off by some large scars received in duels, which the students fight on the most trivial occasions. The rest of his dress consists of a frock coat of eccentric cut, no neckcloth, and the collar of the shirt allowed to fall down. From the neck is suspended an immense bag of tobacco, with which they regale themselves at all times, and suffocate every body else that approaches them. The trowsers fit tolerably tight across the body and thighs, and then gradually increase down to the ankles, and vie with the largest Cossacks ever sported in Bond Street. The boots are not always black, but sometimes red, brown, or yellow, with high heels, from which a Quixotish pair of spurs project fully six inches. The right hand of this nondescript often wields a heavy stick, the head of which is generally of iron, in form of a battle-axe, or some strange device. Such is the portrait of a flash German student!"

Having now finished our Review, as far as foreign parts are concerned, it affords us much patriotic delight to add that sentence with which the author concludes his unrivalled itinerary. "Once more," he says, "O London! within thy pure and hallowed bounds; once more within the scent of thy sea-coal fires, and breathing thy ethereal atmosphere; once more enjoying the real luxuries of well-cooked beef-steaks, washed down by porter foaming like the Danube; once more disporting on the Penitentiary-crowned banks of thy pure and silvery-watered Thames;—it affords me, as a Briton, the deepest heart-felt emotion to declare, that after visiting all the bright and glittering palaces and glorious public buildings of Berlin, of Dresden, of Vienna, and of Munich, I have seen nothing like the architecture which Mr. Nash has lavished and is lavishing upon the metropolis of my own native country. *Esto perpetua!*"

Second: *La Morgue: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books.* By M. U. M. 3 vols. post 8vo. (hot-pressed.) London, 1828. Longman and Short Co.

FEW readers of poetry can have forgotten Croly's admirable episode of the Morgue in his Paris in 1815, which probably suggested this more lengthy performance to the author. Perhaps we could have wished it had been confined to eight cantos, and contained in two volumes; for even in this poetical age, readers are apt to be startled at epics; and the best are scarcely perused in a *bonâ fide* spirit of truth, line after line, by one person in half-a-dozen. On the contrary, the Odyssey, agreeably to the ancient pun, makes folks Ill I add; they pray to be Delivered from Tasso's Jerusalem; and Milton's Paradise is so completely Lost as never to be Regained. Even Lord Dillon's Eccelino da Romano has only gone through twenty-three editions; and Southey's Madoc was mentioned but once (by himself in a letter) at the recent grand Welsh Eisteddvodd. The present is therefore to be considered as a bold attempt—arguing the consciousness of immense powers in the enthusiastic bard.

Placing, with the unanimous consent of the public (hardly excepting three or four scribbling blockheads, who cannot comprehend what is splendid, and original, and beautiful, in genius), L. E. L. at the head of the last school of poetry which has sprung up in this country, we are not sorry to see that the imitators of that charming songstress are multiplying in the land, and spreading the sweet influences of graceful compositions and fresh and lovely thoughts over the community. No one, indeed, has yet burst forth to emulate this unequalled bird of song; but even distant approaches to her exquisite melody are delightful. M. U. M. has the extraordinary merit of being one of the nearest to her admired prototype; and though as yet these types of the Initial order must observe their alphabetic position, and follow the more celebrated trio of L. E. L., we do not despair of seeing them more correlated and even in fame. The *Morgue* is descriptive of the unnumbered suicides, murders, and accidents, which so constantly furnish subjects for that dismal place; and we give the following episode of two lovers whose dead bodies were seen there at the same period, as a powerfully affecting example of the skill with which the author can excite the deepest emotions of the human breast.

The midnight hour is speaking on the wind;
It mingles strangely with the far, sweet sound
Sent from the festival, whose streaming lights
Pour fitfully upon the gloomy street.
Dark, melancholy Midnight! why has Mirth
Made her chief hour of thee? It suits thee not, —
And yet it does; for human pleasures are
But mockeries of themselves, and time goes on,
Still striving to elude itself in vain.
'Tis midnight! Wherefore to her lonely chamber
Is the young Adeline so soon returned?
She threw her on a couch, whose crimson rest
Rose like sea-waves around her fragile form;
The silver lamps shone o'er a glass which gave
The shade of the young beauty: on the air
The hyacinth had sighed its languid breath,
And one unfastened lattice let the wind
Wander mid silken curtains, whose rich dyes
Flung colours on the shadows as they past.
And she for whose sweet sake this luxury
Was gathered as her natural element,
How very fair she looked! her raven hair
(Night hath such blackness on the tempest's wing)
Was somewhat loosened from its clustering braids,
And two or three soft curls fell o'er the arm
Which lay like snow beneath them, though more warm—
Or snow with sunset on it. But her cheek,
Pale as if passion fed upon its rose—
Her large dark eyes, whose inward look seemed given
To the sad poetry of its own heart,
Till the imaginary light grew tears—
These told her history. 'Twas love—the deep,
The sensitive, the dangerous on earth,
Where, if we dare to call a spirit up,
It is for our destruction.

* * *

Born amid lonely mountains, where the sky
Seemed blent with earth, hung round with heavy woods,
Dark with a hundred years upon their boughs,
Where the wind spoke as with a spirit's voice—
His home, an ancient castle, in whose halls
Were faded pictures, yet still fair enough,
With somewhat of an eager fancy's aid,
To verify the legends of old time,
When faith, the natural piety of the heart,
And hope, exalted and refined by years
Of high endeavours, sanctified true love
Like a religion. And when Ernest went
To Paris first, his life had been a dream
Of beautiful romance. Alas! the world
Makes war on such illusions; fancies sink,
Like exhalations, to a grave of tears;
The feelings are like ghosts, that haunt the ground
Where they no more may enter; wishes, hopes,
Grow cold and selfish, centering in themselves.
But when that Ernest met sweet Adeline,
His early years were thronging back again;
Love lived at once on memory and on hope;
'Twas like the fortune of a fairy tale
That which seemed theirs. Young, beautiful, beloved!
Ah! these are charmed words; but some there are,
The wayward children of a destiny
Too fortunate, yet turned to bitterness.
Ernest was one of these: the wild romance
Of boyhood had been crushed, but not destroyed,
It had been taught concealment, not restraint,
Suspicion, not discernment; and he sought
A restless and unquiet happiness:
Impetuous, gloomy, with unreal dreams
Fevering the present, holding that his love
Must palliate all offence, save 'gainst itself,
He made the wretchedness of her he loved,
By vain suspicions, sullen jealousies,
That did themselves create the things they loathed.
Ever they met in smiles, to part in tears;
Now she had been too gay, and heard too long,
Too willingly, some flattering cavalier—
And then her sadness only meant reproach.

* * * *

How often had that lonely chamber seen
The long night wept away, and heard the vow
So often made, yet ever made in vain—
That of forgetfulness! But morning came,
And brought him, wretched—suppliant, to her feet
Again his low and pleading voice became
The music of her hope. How could she turn
From those deep, earnest eyes, whose only light
Seemed mirror'd from her own? Again her heart
Melted beneath his passionate eloquence.
But all this wore the beauty of her life:
Her nights were feverish with vain regrets,
Her days with anxious watchings; she had lost
All old, accustomed pleasures; dying round,
Her flowers were fading like herself; her lute
Hung in untuneful idleness.

* * *

She watched him as he joined another group,
And seemed to be the gayest of them all;
His last harsh words were ringing in her ears,
But vaguely, for her worn and wearied heart
Was over-full.
That night a hurried step was by the Seine—
The moonlight saw a white hand grasp the wave—
The wind bore one faint cry—and all was still.

* * *

Yet two are in that gloomy place of death,—
Two—for he followed her; the pistol still
Was in his red right hand. 'Twas said,
Unless the surgeons vilely interfered,
That both should quit the Morgue wrapt in one shroud,
And one grave hold them both!

The closing touch, respecting the surgeons, is very fine, and gives a reality to the mournful picture never surpassed, and hardly, if ever, equalled, in poetic description. It is indeed a melancholy reflection to think how many such scenes are witnessed on the Parisian coasts of the Seine, where the bodies of the unfortunate and love-lorn are almost hourly washed ashore; while the small charge of a small pistol is perhaps the total expense to which the hapless swain of a drowned heroine puts himself to follow her.

Third: *The Quadrille Party; or the Consequences of Waltzing.* Dedicated, by permission, to the King. 10 vols. folio. London, 1828. Colburn and Co.

THE importance of the subject of this elegant fashionable novel will readily plead the writer's† excuse for having extended it to something of the Scuderi bulk, so as to rival the Clelias and similar productions of former times. Though we have been indulged with a sprinkling of works of fiction of the class to which the *Quadrille Party* belongs, it must be allowed on all hands that, up to the present moment, there has been nothing adequate to the occasion. For what could be done by a few hundred volumes, from a multitude of inferior scribblers, towards developing the recesses of high life; towards portraying aristocratic manners; towards delineating that vivacity which prevails in every society of distinction; towards illustrating the wit, humour, and profound information which marks the intercourse of persons of superior rank? Really, instead of pictures, these have been mere daubs; and Pelham itself a low caricature.

But in the author before us we have metal more attractive. From the Palace to the Private Box, she has evidently mixed with none but the very *élite*, the china, as it were, of our species; and her only acquaintance with the lower orders has been obtained by giving orders to servants. The prevailing tone, too, is *far niente* and luxurious, but still the fair writer is evidently susceptible of excitement and more lively emotions when the cause is adequate; or, as she herself classically expresses it on a particular occasion, "one oughtn't to be stirred with trifles: neck tea-us inter sit, as Ovid says." Thus, whether she is describing that exquisite languor, ennui, and nothingness, which form so large a portion of fashionable demi-existence, or those spirited little episodes of dissipation, gaming, and intrigue, which so deliciously vary the passing phantasmagoria of being, we find her unequalled in all. Her's is truly a bouquet of the choicest flowers, and we revel in atar of roses while we skim her fascinating pages. The brilliancy of her ideas, the correctness of her feelings, the refinements of even her peccadilloes, are utterly astonishing; and we gaze upon her groups as we would upon fairies or supernatural creatures, so far are they removed above our grosser‡ senses and appetites. We ask ourselves, Do these resplendent things eat, drink, sleep, perspire, use pocket-handkerchiefs? for they do move, they do speak, or seem to say something, they look, and are not essences or automata. Let the inspired genius of the lovely writer answer for us: we extract one of her scenes.

"The golden-faced horologe on the marble mantel had suffered the pointed hand of Time to proceed beyond the mark of III., and the pleasures of the assembly appeared to be at their merrydian* height. Inspiring drafts* of the vintage of Champaigne had put expression, I had almost said meaning, into the eyes, and some slight degree of motion into the limbs of the beaux; and either the same refreshing stimuly,* or that sympathy which is common to our natures, had also imparted sensations to the hitherto listless inanition of the beauteus* dames and sylf-like* belles to whom they lisped their addresses and petitions. The principal groups who now rivetted the attention of the spectator were the versatile Sir Frederick Phidale and his lovely lady; the Marchioness of Crescent (whose marquess had so recently departed on a deeploomatic ambassy* of the most victual* [qy. vital?] importance to the court of the Tooleries,*) and her humble slave, the pensive and elegant, though somewhat emaciated, Lord Charles de Daucyville; Admiral Villact and Lady Margery Bluecalf, so celebrated for her affectation of literature; Sir Thomas Mountgomeril, the pseudo-poet, and the eldest Hon. Miss Flounceit, the squinting daughter of the charming and enbonepoint* hostess; Mr. and Lady Sarah Sanguine, the Duke of Inverness-shire, lately returned from a long and dull excursion in Foreign Parts (if we might judge by the private journal he kept of it, and was so fond of boring all his friends with), and the fair Lady Louise, who looked unutterable things; the Earl of Punsunby and his lady; young Jacketon and Miss Maria Flounceit, the cast of whose green eyes takes quite an opposite direction from that of her sister's grays. These were tripping it on the light fantastic toe, though not paired in the way we have, for the sake of distinctness, enumerated. Lord Stuart and Lady Caroline, like most very recently wedded pairs, were *tête-à-tête* near the fire-place, to the insufferable annoyance of all the *humanities* who had not been *turtlised* during the last two months. In other parts of the splendid apartment, over which candelabras of pure gold, and lustres of diamond-cut-diamond crystal, shed a blaze of refulgence surpassing day, were seen dowagers precious with gems, misses unenvious of the gayer throng who trod so animatedly the mosaic floor, and noblemen and exquisites of whom it was hardly possible to pronounce whether they lived or not. In one recess formed by a bay-window of painted glass, representing Diana and her nymphs bathing, as it seemed in streams of moonlight, were the celebrated Don Tellostorio d'España d'Arias de Gumoso, and the equally celebrated St. John Harley (whose tricks as an amateur-conjuror are so often the delight of private companies), in deep debate on the state of Ireland. In another recess, beneath panes deliciously tinted with the story of Jupiter and Leda, stood, in prodigious conversation, Mr. Benhill, that miserable mimic, and Dr. Grampus, of everlasting gabble; while in the third corresponding window, on which the loves of Venus and Anchises were chastely depicted, sat Squire Boozely and the noble owner of the mansion, both, it must be confessed with chagrin, considerably elevated above that line on the scale of ebriety which indicates the felicitous medium between the zero of abstemiousness and the 212 of Far-in-heat. The two last couples formed a curious and striking contrast; for while the mime and the doctor talked incessantly, and both together, the worthy squire and the noble baron found it impossible to communicate one intelligible syllable to each other. * * *

"Needless were it to relate the flirtations that were carried on during this eventful period. In vain did Lady Phidale direct her beaming glance on the opaque capacity of the drowsy baron. Alas! those eyes, which ought to be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, lost their magic fascination on the wine-bibbing idiot, whose brains were as *volé-polé* as his heart was oppressed by internal fumes, so as to be unsusceptible of any other sort of burning. What had she then to do, but try their dread artillery on the gallant admiral? and he struck his flag and surrendered, but not at discretion. It is to be hoped that the prisoner will be treated with lenity, if not with kindness, for he was an officer of great gallantry, and has often fought bravely, yard-arm and yard-arm; though, owing to the nature of his service, he could take no share in La Belle Alliance, the only action respecting which he was ever heard to express any envious feelings. In the meanwhile, the Earl of Punsunby directed his very particular attentions to Lady Margery, and an animated *confab* ensued. He spoke to her of unheard-of Gems, and made her other insidious offers, to which the poor fluttering and heedless girl lent a too willing ear. Little was she aware of the peril that awaits those who listen to his serpent speeches —for the tongue of the adder has not more of forked point, and penetrating and pungent poison. And there, watching her faithless lord with all the meekness of affection, sat the sweet Lady P.:—in her deep woman's bosom she foresaw not the domestic distress, horror, and despair, that was to spring from the gay verbiage of this dazzling moment. Would to Heaven we could draw a curtain around all the parties who figured on this sad occasion; and especially around those hapless pairs who, seeking for lawless change as a source of bliss, found only misery, wretchedness, death, and—burial! It need scarcely be observed, that the flirtation (we love the phrase) between the Marchioness and Lord Charles proceeded with all its wonted energy. Her coal-black eyes were absolutely live coal; and so piercing were their arrows of fire, that even Dr. Grampus declared they were enough to melt the ices at the Pole:—Parry-pass-you, or *ceteris Parrybus*, whispered the inveterate wit, Lord Punsunby, to his giggling partner. Yet it was impossible to look on Lord Charles without compassion. His melancholy and hippochondriackal* temperament seemed ever and anon to reproach his dark enslaver for having reduced him to such an estate of bondage. Indeed, the natural sadness of his disposition, and his lugubrious habits, would induce the belief that he must be immovable by the master or even mistress passion. But what will not the tyrant god accomplish? He can make the heavy light, and the light heavy; he can add, and he can pare; he can blind, and he can open eyes far better than Dr. Ware; he can separate and bring together; he can reveal, and he can conceal; he can give life, and he can kill: he, the divinity of the smile and frown, which of the Olympic deities are to be compared with him,—the giant infant, the all-potent, playful monarch!!"

We break off with this superb apostrophe, and shall neither quote the voluptuous description of the waltz, nor the enchanting *badinage* with which the author invests the flirtations of his Grace of Inverness-shire, Mr. Sanguine, Sir T. Mountgomeril, Sir F. Phidale, young Jacketon, the Misses Flounceit, Ladies Sarah and Louise, several of the Dowager Ladies, and all the Misses above the age of thirteen: suffice it to notice that, "*selon les règles*," as she elegantly says, every one enjoyed their particular fancy, and pleasure reigned triumphant over the blissful scene. It is, therefore, with considerable regret that we copy the following paragraph from the *Morning Post*, which appeared only one short week subsequent to the

† Said to be a lady of the highest rank; though rumour differs as to the real name. At the west end of the town the Princess of Q. E. D*** is mentioned: in the city, the Lady M*****ss. But if we are to believe the whisper which has reached us, the Marchioness of C*ng**m is the *talented* delineator of these spirited sketches of the *haut*-est ton.

‡ Quære, grocer?—*P. D.*

* We have only given these instances of the accomplished authoress's orthography and mode of writing, thinking it better in other cases to translate the fashionable tongue into the more generally understood language of the country.—*Ed.*

* Sic in orig.

publication of these ten airy, enlivening, and refreshing folios. We ought, however, to remark, that although the author, in her preface, invoked Heaven to witness that all the *dramatis personæ* she had drawn were fictions of her imagination, it was well understood at the time—was even announced in the newspapers, and indeed could not be mistaken by any person conversant with the highest grades of society—that they were each and every one real, genuine, and living characters, sketched with a truth and accuracy almost beyond precedent in the graphic art of fashionable novel-writing. Having said this much, we repeat that we read the following paragraph in the *Morning Post* of yesterday with unfeigned sorrow:

"*Dreadful Catastrophe!!!*—A calamitous affair has just occurred, which, we lament to announce, has plunged several of the noblest families in the kingdom into the deepest mourning and consternation. At present we shall only give the outline of this unexampled catastrophe: for though there can be no doubt of the facts, yet as the statement rests only on private letters from France, we shall abstain from particulars which might wound feelings already too deeply hurt. It appears, then, according to the best information, that when the Columbine steam-packet recently run ashore on the opposite coast, and, in seeking safety, the passengers rushed upon deck, it was discovered, to the astonishment of the parties concerned, that Lord P*****by and Lady M*****y B*****lf, and Lord C****** de D******le and the Marchioness of C*****nt had been separately concealed in the cabins below, while the Duke of I********** and Lady L***** had been undisguisedly eloping to the continent in common with the cabin, and Admiral V. and Lady Ph—e with the steerage passengers. Our readers are aware of the near *consanguinity* of some of the high persons whom we just named. Explanations were called for and refused; altercations ensued; and no sooner had they reached the shore, than recourse was had to that honourable satisfaction nothing less than which could atone for these mutual injuries. By a singular fatality, a tragedy already likely to be too deep, was heightened by an unlooked-for incident. As the combatants were proceeding to the sands near Ambleteuse, at day-break, after this unfortunate recognition, the Marquess of C—— on his return from a mission to Paris, drove up in a cabriolet and four. He speedily learnt the extent of his loss, and new arrangements became necessary. These being made, the first meeting took place between the Marquess and Lord C. de D—, whose first fire went through the heart of the former, and he fell stone dead upon the sands. In subsequent encounters Lord P— received a severe but, unless a locked jaw supervene, not a mortal wound in the mouth; though, from the nature of the injury, it is feared he will never again be able to articulate. The Duke of I—— was dropped, killed, at the second exchange by Lord C. de D.; and the Admiral, who is a capital marksman, winged Lord C. de D. at the third shot. The bodies of the Marquess of C—— and Duke of I—— were carried off the ground, and the wounds of Lord P—— were attended to by a French surgeon. The melancholy Lord C. de D. fled from the bloody spot, and has not since been heard of: it is supposed he will be a forlorn and voluntary wanderer, with his arm in a sling, for the remainder of his days at Paris, about the Palais Royal and Boulevards. The innocent and unlucky causes of these untoward circumstances having been drenched to their fair skins in wading through the surf from the sinking vessel, had been dried and put to bed at Ambleteuse, where they lay, little dreaming of the horrors by which they were surrounded. On awaking, their griefs may be imagined, but cannot be described: suffice it to say, their sighs augmented the storm which wrecked the steamer; their sobs increased the hurricane; their tears raised the tide;—their agonising screams were heard at Calais! When sufficiently composed, they were fain to put themselves under the protection of the gallant Admiral, by whom they have since been safely restored to their country and new (and we hope less mortal) conquests. We have only to add the report, that the news had so terrible an effect upon Lord F——, at whose splendid ball some of the parties originally met, that he immediately expired of apoplexy, and his eldest daughter fell a victim to a broken heart, in consequence of the premature exit of the Duke of I——, to whom she was fondly and fatally attached."

We cannot, however, close this Review without expressing our heartfelt gratitude to Messrs. Colburn and Co. for the liberal and spirited manner in which they are following up the publication of works of this eminently useful and instructive class. The public at large, and the literary world in particular, owe them much on this account; and we trust that by paying them, they will be encouraged to proceed, and bring out thousands of similar volumes every season.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

[*Extra and Exclusive.*]

The Art of Puffing. By Doctor James Johnson, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. Q. Dr., E. M. C. R., &c. Corresponding Member of the "John Bull," and all other Journals which admit of C. Members, G.G.G., &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Part I. of a quarterly work, to be published every fortnight.

THE learned Doctor has entered upon this design with all that vigour, spirit, and devotedness to his subject which is always so admirable in an author. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that his execution of it is coarse and awkward. Self-praise and puffing belong to the *Fine Arts*, and are not to be handled by men of much morbid sensibility, or of ordinary or weak minds.

The Complete Letter-Writer; or, Hints for Periodical Authorship. By a Surgeon. 7 vols. 18mo. London, 1828. Underwoods.

WE cannot enter upon the desert of this very complete and charming publication at present. The private letters are models of beauty—the love-letters patterns of the purest breathings of passion—and the more public letters examples of the finest elocution. As a specimen, we select one *supposed to be addressed* by a great author to the conductor of a periodical work, offering his inestimable services.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"SIR,—As I have travelled many hundred Miles of late in Different parts of the world especially in America. And as I have taken many observations of the Cities and Touns Villages and Country at Large, through the which I have passed. Neither have I left the many Rivers unobserved upon whose banks I have went a long, Some of them for hundreds of Miles. As I have much usefull information to communicate; and of all the publications now teaming from the press none of any of their names pleases me so well as that of the *London Literary &c.* As I do not wish to take upon myself to say that I could furnish you with any article Dressed exactly as you and many others would wish or perhaps like As to nicety and Grammatical construction; Yet I can furnish you with abundance of useful and interesting materials and articles of a recent and altogether unknown in print of either book or newspaper, and of much use to mankind as well as diverting if not interesting to yourself, also in their original state, which you may polish and dress as nicely as you chuse, only leaving the Great bulwark; truth in them which I shall be very scrupulous in my adhering to as far as my description goes of any Toun City or River or County or Country; and if at any time You need any help in any thing relative to the Greek or Latin languages, Sentences of which you may occasionally have to translate or exhibit as in this day of brilliant display of Learning, few publications are accounted fashionable or learned without some of it any of the two I can and will if you chuse assist You in exhibiting altering or amending to the best of my knowledge of both, I having had a regular College Education, (I now have my testimonials). All the remuneration I need or ask will be, at present, a few Quires of paper or two or three Shillings weekly to provide me with pens Ink and paper, in order to provide you with a suitable number of different Articles upon different Subjects, Touns Cities Rivers or Seas, &c. or Customs of different nations or peoples, &c. from which You may Select the choicest, and as I have Said above you may correct them yourself: for I Shall not take upon me To write for Such a great work (or great name of a work which ought in a short time to be the most popular in Europe) without you yourself looking over it: for I think that there are few good Latin or Greek Scholars that are proficient in the English language, which is that in the which yours is wrote or Edited in. Sir If this meet your approbation Be pleased to let me know as soon as you can conveniently for yourself, as I have exchanged Some letters with the Editor of the Encyclopaedice Metropolitana and if I now arrange matters with him or commence my writing on medicine I may have less time to give you Such a number of articles As otherwise I would and wish to do, I being besides already ingaged with another Small periodical and as I have said I would give yours a Great preference at this time. If you Directing a note to me (addressed as below) which I will attend to and answer and which, Sir, will oblige ——"

A System of Education for the Higher Orders, &c. By Peter Saint Peter, Esq. Professor of Humanity to the New London University, S.S.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Tilt.

WE have no doubt but this book was written with the best of intentions; but why a Professor of the New London University, whose grand object is to educate and exalt the lower orders, should have bestowed so much pains upon "the higher," is to us inexplicable. Let him teach the toe of the Cockney to tread on the gouty heel of the man of pretension; but leave the Order which he has here addressed to itself. How should he know the proper way of training men to idleness and folly? *Ne sutor:* the proverb *is* musty.

Zoology; or Animals classed according to a new System of External Relations. Under the Patronage of the Zoological Society. 180mo. pp. 3. London, 1828. Bull.

WE do not altogether approve of this new system, which is quite at war with the systems of Cuvier and Polito. The relations are often fanciful, and varieties instead of genera are classed; and even these are imperfect. For example: geese and porcupines, from *mutuality* in quills (why not crows, also?); zebras and naughty children, from mutuality in many stripes (why not sailors, also?); rabbits and M. P.'s, from mutuality in burrows (why not rats, also?):—but why should we multiply proofs of a failure, erroneous in principle, and only deserving of notice from the ingenuity with which it has been executed?

Epitome of the Statutes, &c. &c. Fas-ciculus primus. In one hundred volumes, royal demy. Butterworth.

THIS is the beginning of a digest of our Statute Laws, and brings down the history of British legislation to the period of William Rufus, who is said to have built Westminster Hall for the reception of these invaluable records. Yet, though it may be excellent to possess the wisdom of our ancestors in a collected and condensed form, we have some doubts as to the expediency of preserving acts relating to forests which have been disforested for centuries, to customs which have long ceased to exist, and to rights which the progress of civilisation has rendered a dead letter. These voluminous and intricate questions tend to obscure and perplex what is more necessary for us to know in the times in which we live. Would it not be preferable were we to imitate the Code Napoleon, and reduce our laws within the compass of one volume, or even two or three well-arranged volumes? Might not all that is needful for the guidance of an intelligent people be compressed within less space than a work, only commencing as this is, with a hundred tomes, from the legal press of Mr. Butterworth? Might not * * * * * *

[As we penned these "last words," a strange and singular whisper, low yet loud, soft yet penetrating, gentle yet astounding, invaded our tympanum—it ran thus: "*Scoundrel! is this thy gratitude for the favour I have just conferred on thee? Wouldst thou annihilate litigation, and destroy the lawyers, my best friends on earth?*" Struck by the oddness of the sound, we looked up to ascertain whence it came; and, to our great surprise, saw no-body in the room but the little devil who had brought us the new publications. The clock at that instant struck *one;* and though only an hour had elapsed since the package was delivered to us, the bearer seemed to have grown a foot taller. Enraged at the unseasonable interruption before we had written a tithe of the observations we intended to offer, we exclaimed, "You d*******d!" when, in the twinkling of a candle, the snuff of which had fallen down and melted all the wax into the socket for this

final glimmer, we were left in darkness, and could just perceive that conclusive sweep, with which not only the books, but our lucubrations upon them, were consigned to a sooty-looking bag by this impertinent messenger. By daylight, or at least *our* day-light, which always happens as soon as we are fully awake after the sun has risen (varying from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M.), we despatched ourselves to Mr. Moyes's in a pitiable condition—for we were sure that the effects of the robbery would be to leave us without *copy* to fill this incomparable sheet and justly popular Journal. But to give the Devil his due, and to our extreme delight, we learnt, that so far from being knockt-up for MS., we had more than enough from a friend who desired to be nameless. In short, a very tall, gentleman-like looking person, apparently slightly lame, as his pumps creaked in ascending the stairs, had knockt-up Mr. Moyes exactly at one o'clock, and left an excellent article, with his compliments to the editor, for the *Literary Gazette*.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 27.

We are now very perceptibly reforming in many respects in this city with regard to public conveniences. A society is formed which undertakes to bring water into the houses by means of pipes: this will be attended by two advantages; one, in not having water-carriers, who deluge the stairs, and keep them constantly in a muddy condition; the other, in not obliging foot passengers in the street to risk breaking their necks every ten minutes by running under horses' feet or carriage-wheels, to make way for the water-cart, which generally stands three quarters of an hour before each door. This projected amendment is highly applauded by every body, except the unfortunate wretches whose only talent consists in serving the "liquid spring." They earn generally from four to five francs a day, lead the most sober lives possible, and hardly ever was there an instance of one of them committing the slightest theft, though they have plenty of opportunity. We have another reform amongst the *chiffoniers*, or *rag-pickers*. Formerly, this was a trade open to all who could purchase a basket to carry their load; but as thieves and assassins often adopted the disguise of these people, the better to hide their good intentions, the police now permit none but those who are decorated with a medal, and who have a stationary lodging, to practise this *genre de vie*.

A gentleman named M. Sudre has invented a musical language, and developed his plan in the presence of the Society appointed to examine it. M. Sudre spoke it on his violin, and wrote it in musical signs, which one of his scholars immediately translated with the greatest facility. Should this discovery be brought into use, it will be a new means of conveying ideas,—for wind instruments may serve as telegraphs when the distance is not too far.

Notwithstanding a clouded sky, the race-course at the Champs de Mars was crowded this morning by the fashionables, as well as the *petit monde* of Paris, the halt, the maimed, the crooked, the straight—in fact, every description of personage, was to be seen there; so that the eye had an opportunity of contemplating a vast variety of the "human face divine:" Greeks, Turks, English, French, German, and Italian, were present; and from the diversity of language which met the ear, one might have imagined himself in the Tower of Babel. Betting ran very high; immense sums were lost and won. The king's prize was gained by a courser named Zephyr, whose lightness, swiftness, and grace, so captivated the multitude, that had the victorious quadruped been proposed as emperor, they would hardly have hesitated to elect him. Indeed, it was decided by a numerous majority of *bon-ton* jockeys, that the English proved the superiority of their understanding, in preferring horses to wives; for, say they, women only merit a third place in man's consideration — the dog claiming the second.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN BEECHEY'S EXPEDITION.

We have to announce the return to England of the Blossom, Captain Beechey, after an absence of upwards of three years on a voyage of science and discovery. The main object of this voyage was the conveyance of supplies to Icy Cape, for the Land Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin, in the event of that enterprising traveller having succeeded in reaching the extreme north-western point of America. This, as our readers are already aware, not being accomplished by him, Capt. Beechey was directed by the Admiralty to make such researches and surveys in the Pacific as might be most advantageous to maritime and geographical knowledge generally.

The Blossom sailed from England about the middle of May 1825; and after visiting and examining various harbours, chiefly on the coasts of South America, at the close of July 1826 reached the neighbourhood of Icy Cape, where she remained until the end of September, in the expectation of the arrival of Capt. Franklin. A party which had been detached from the Blossom in this interval, for the purpose of discovery, advanced upwards of one hundred miles to the west of Icy Cape, although they experienced many dangers from the ice and tempestuous weather. Being disappointed in gaining any intelligence of Captain Franklin, as the season was fast closing in, Capt. Beechey proceeded with his ship to San Francisco. After having surveyed several of the islands on the north-eastern coast of Asia, he visited Loo Choo, and put into Nappa Ising, where the Blossom was exposed to one of the great perils in the navigation of these seas—coral reefs, which appear to have sprung up to an alarming extent since the visit of the Alceste. About the middle of June 1827, Capt. Beechey reached the Bonin Islands, which afford a good anchorage, and have been touched at by English whalers. And here we would repeat what we have formerly mentioned in our accounts of this interesting expedition, that this voyage has led to the discovery of some new islands in the Pacific, and established the fact, that many which are laid down in the best charts do not exist in the positions therein assigned to them.

On one of the Bonin Islands, two Norwegian sailors were discovered, who had been shipwrecked there, and whose histories, if written, would form "the duplicate of Robinson Crusoe." They preferred remaining where they were, to being brought off by the Blossom; and were engaged extensively in the cultivation of vegetables and the breeding of pigs, with the view of supplying whale-ships. This settlement, it appears, may ultimately prove of the greatest importance to the trade.

From these islands the Blossom proceeded to the anchorage of St. Peter and St. Paul, and thence sailed once more in quest of Captain Franklin's expedition. It is unnecessary to inform our readers (before whom we have had the satisfaction to lay, in several of our Nos., original details of these interesting proceedings) that Captain Beechey was again unsuccessful in obtaining any information of the Arctic Land Expedition; and that he therefore, at the close of last season, finally left the northern regions on his return to England.

Capt. Beechey has been accompanied by an experienced naturalist; and extensive collections have been made and preserved during his admirably conducted voyage. Although the Blossom's was a subordinate expedition to those under the command of Captains Parry and Franklin, we are inclined to regard it as one that will be decidedly productive of more real value to science and navigation than those in connexion with which it originated.

METEOROLOGY.

[*From a Friend.*]

On Monday night (the 29th), between eight and nine o'clock, a very singular phenomenon was observed at Headley, a village near Liphook, Hants. One of my servants came in and begged me to look at a white rainbow. I went out of doors, and saw a luminous appearance in the heavens, extending from the west to the zenith, and thence more faintly towards the east, so as to form a narrow arch. In the west the base of the bow was narrowest, and, as it were, confined. The light was also there most concentrated. Had it not been so, I should have taken it for the Aurora Borealis. It was not a cloud, for the stars were seen distinctly, but dimly, through it. The appearance altogether was that of a luminous vapour, or the prodigious tail of a comet, streaming over the heavens, which were perfectly unclouded; and the stars seemed to shine with peculiar brilliancy, except where crossed by the phenomenon above mentioned. There was a rushing wind, and the thermometer only at 60 within doors. Many falling stars of unusual splendour were seen at the same time. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the awful effect of this archway of light, which (as the moon was not yet risen) appeared of terrific brightness. It continued in its strength about half an hour, when it began to bear away to the south, as if carried by the wind, to grow paler, and to become more diffused. Shortly after, a very dark vapour arose in the west, and concealed it from view altogether. A poor woman informs me that she saw a similar appearance three weeks ago; but the oldest inhabitants of the village do not remember having previously seen any thing at all like it. I wish that some scientific contributor to your Gazette (such as the author of the admirable astronomical papers) would inform me of the nature of this phenomenon.

[*From another friendly Correspondent at Croydon.*]

On the evening of the 29th September, from a little before eight till nearly nine o'clock, a beautiful and rare atmospheric phenomenon was observed at this place. It cannot properly be designated a lunar rainbow, for the moon was below the horizon; but a complete semicircular arch extended nearly from east to west. The western limb, for about twenty degrees, exhibited a luminous appearance, the remaining portion considerably fainter, especially towards the zenith; and the whole colourless, like a delicate cloud, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, like a halo. Frequent changes occurred in its intensity or distinctness; and it gradually faded away, leaving the western ex-

tremity (which had declined in a slight curve toward the south, at an angle of about 75° with the horizon) streaming brightly upwards nearly a quarter of an hour after the bow had disappeared. The wind was south-west, and though the atmosphere was not quite clear, the principal constellations were perfectly visible, and the whole sky cloudless, except towards the south-east. Some light rain had fallen at about half past seven. T.

[Having inserted the above communications, we now add the account written by the contributor of our monthly articles on astronomy, &c.]

A VERY remarkable phenomenon of the nature of Aurora Borealis, was witnessed on Monday evening last (Sept. 29th day, 8 hrs. 20 min.) A vast arch of silvery light appeared in the direction of the magnetic east and west, extending over nearly the whole of the heavens, and making with the western horizon an angle of about 70°, inclining to the south: the stars ε and δ Serpentarii were seen through its western extremity, from which the stream pursued its course between Lyra and Aquila, passing Cygnus, and after intersecting the Galaxy (which it considerably surpassed in brightness), proceeded through Andromeda to the Pleiades, where it terminated, describing in its course an uninterrupted luminous curve 160° in length, its mean breadth about 3°, slightly expanding as it approached the magnetic east. A faint crepusculum, of a saffron hue, was observed in the magnetic north, but perfectly quiescent.

8 hrs. 30 min.—The two stars in Serpentarius were occasionally obscured, or dimly seen through the extremity of the luminous arch, which at that part nearest the horizon seemed circular and well defined: at intervals these stars shone forth with undiminished brightness, forcibly suggesting the idea of the glowing nucleus of a comet, for which it was mistaken by many, who considered this unexpected appearance as the predicted messenger in its most tremendous form, suddenly arrived to execute its work of destruction.

8 hrs. 45 min.—Until this time the splendid arch had continued stationary, with the exception of a diminution of its brilliancy in the north-east; there now, however, appeared in the north-west transient gleams of light, separating from the luminous stream in a lateral direction, the coruscations of which determined the nature of the phenomenon.

8 hrs. 57 min.—A meteoric star rushed from the western part of the arch, and pursued a course towards the south: after traversing a space of about 10 deg., it suddenly disappeared.

9 hrs.—A narrow stratum of cloud intersected the stream at an altitude of 20 deg.; shortly after this, the brilliancy gradually abated; and at 9 hrs. 30 min. the phenomenon had wholly disappeared: a brisk wind from the south-west prevailed during its appearance: the verge of the horizon was occupied by a low range of dense clouds.

The most remarkable circumstances attending this phenomenon were, its long quiescence, brilliancy, general equality of breadth, and uniformity of silvery semblance, not in the slightest degree resembling those red and brilliant hues which distinguished the Aurora Borealis of September 1827. It is to be regretted that there is not sufficient data for determining the height of this and similar phenomena: the calculations which have been made, vary from 150 miles to several thousands of miles: one observed in 1716 was seen under the same appearances in places very remote from each other, and ascertained to be visible from lat. 50 deg. N. all over the northern part of Europe, and from the confines of Poland and Russia in the east, to Ireland in the west, and most probably beyond these limits,—a sufficient confirmation of its very great altitude. The Aurora Borealis has been observed to be more frequent about the period of the equinoxes, and is considered by some as an unerring precursor of stormy weather:—there is no doubt but that it is a magnetic phenomenon, the peculiarities of which are governed by the earth's magnetism.

ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES.

AT the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the 15th ult., a letter was read from Captain Durville of the Astrolabe, dated Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, giving an account of the scientific discoveries which have resulted from this expedition. A communication was also read from Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, who accompanied the expedition, announcing a third supply of objects of natural history, which they have procured for the Academy, and which will make on the whole 700 preparations in bottles (bocaux), and 2,050 drawings taken from plants and from animals, either during their existence, or immediately after their death. Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart in the course of their letter communicate some interesting particulars relative to the Nautilus, or *Argonauta Argo* of Linnæus. They conclude, from numerous observations, that the shell of the nautilus does not belong to it in its natural state, but to another animal, at whose death it is taken possession of by the argonauta. This was the received opinion, until M. de Ferusac and M. Poli undertook to prove that it was erroneous. According to Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, however, the former opinion seems to be entitled to attention.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OPENING OF THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE first session of this laudable Institution opened on Wednesday with a lecture on physiology and surgery, finely delivered by Mr. Charles Bell. The introductory portion of this discourse applied generally to the foundation of the University, and to the education of medical students, hitherto so desultory and unconnected in the metropolis, where, alone, practical could be joined to theoretical study. The prosperity of the new design depended on its success in remedying this evil; and continuing to be a school whence the stream of knowledge flowed, without interruption, from able teachers to intelligent and grateful pupils. Mr. Bell, in alluding to the King's College, congratulated his auditory on the formation of another Institution for the diffusion of science and literature, by those who, if they had not the genius to invent, possessed the virtue to follow a good example.

The lecture-room was filled with from four to five hundred persons, including the Professors in their gowns, and several noble and distinguished patrons of the undertaking, such as Lord Auckland, Lord J. Russell, Sir J. Mackintosh, Mr. Hume, &c.

At the close of the lecture, the University was allowed to be visited, in all its finished parts, by the assembled multitude. Both externally and internally its appearance certainly does honour to the architect and the managing committee.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

WE have, on various occasions, (and especially in Nos. 574, 591, and 592 of the *Literary Gazette*) described the progress that is making in this country in the acquisition of Oriental learning, and the great advantages which are likely to result from the formation of the Oriental Translation Society. We are glad to observe that an Institution for the attainment of three of the principal languages of the East—Arabic, Persian, and Turkish—is going on very successfully at St. Petersburgh, under the able superintendence of the celebrated M. Adelung. The second examination of the pupils took place a few months ago, and proved so satisfactory, that the emperor conferred the dignity of Grand Cross of the order of St. Vladimir on the learned principal. This Institution already possessed a little library, composed of thirty manuscripts, and a collection of good works on geography, when M. Italinsky, the Russian minister at Rome, bequeathed to it by will his valuable library; the English East India Company sent it a copy of the superb editions of Hafiz and Saadi, published by the Royal College at Fort William; and Mirza Abou Tarab, a counsellor of state, now in the service of Russia, presented it with a great number of manuscripts. Added to this, M. Adelung formed a collection of six hundred oriental medals, which has since been augmented by a donation of a hundred and twenty more from M. de Mazarovitch.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities; illustrated by a series of Prints, representing the ancient Gateways, Castles, Mansions, Street Scenery, &c. with historical and descriptive Accounts of each Subject, and of the Popular Characteristic of every City. By John Britton, F.S.A. M.R.S.L., &c. No. I. Longman and Co.

IN the *Literary Gazette* of the 2d of August, we announced the approaching publication of this interesting work; and we are happy to say that the first Number justifies the highly favourable expectation which we then expressed respecting it. It illustrates the picturesque antiquities of three of our principal cities—York, Lincoln, and Gloucester—in eleven plates: there would have been a twelfth, but for an accidental occurrence, which will retard its appearance until the publication of the next Number. The plates are all more or less beautiful: but our chief favourites are *Bootham Bar, York;* engraved by J. Redaway, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, the figures by Harvey. *Part of the Western Side of the Walls, Castle, Lincoln;* etched by J. Le Keux, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett: and the *Church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester;* etched by J. Le Keux, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, the figures by Brooke. The interest and the variety of the subjects which this work will comprehend, and the moderate price at which it is brought out, must, we are confident, ensure it a very extensive sale.

The Baroness Grey de Ruthyn. Engraved by Dean, from a miniature by Miss Kendrick.

CLEARLY and forcibly executed, and forming the 46th of the series of Portraits of our Female Nobility, in *La Belle Assemblée.*

Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson. Part III.

THE four prints before us, viz. "from a Sketch (Lalla Rookh) by T. Phillips, R.A.;" "from a Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell, son of his

Grace the Duke of Bedford, by Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.;" "from a Sketch (the Origin of a Painter) by W. Mulready, R.A.;" and "from a Drawing by G. Stuart Newton;"—complete the First Part (comprehending twelve plates) of this tasteful and clever publication; and are quite worthy of their predecessors. In the last-mentioned especially—from Mr. Newton's drawing—there is a feminine delicacy and grace which we are not aware that we ever saw surpassed.

As we have noticed this work in its progress, we need hardly remind our readers that it contains fac-similes of twelve drawings after designs of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie, Leslie, Chalon, Stephanoff, G. Jones, Collins, Jackson, Phillips, Mulready, E. Landseer, and Newton; and that we are inclined to regard it as the triumph of lithography over all that has been advanced against this wonderful discovery. We shall select a single print in proof of this, not on account of its superior execution, but because it will enable us to speak more decidedly with reference to the objections which we hear brought against lithography, even by artists of eminence, who are, however, unacquainted with the theory or capabilities of the art, and offer a general opinion, founded upon the inferior specimens which are daily to be seen. The print we have selected is that after a sketch by Edwin Landseer, the Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell. It is not to our present purpose to describe the composition,—the boy, full of youthful beauty, bounding over the hills on their native pony, attended by his trusty and eager dog,—but we wish to call the attention of those who have hitherto been inclined to undervalue the powers of lithography, to the general tone of this print, the character preserved in the texture, the exquisite gradation of tint, and the force and the delicacy of execution which it at once exhibits. This is strong praise: but Mr. Lane, as a lithographic draftsman, merits even more, for the fidelity with which he has transferred to stone the sketches copied by him. Each drawing appears to be a work proceeding from hands as different as the minds displayed in the originals.

Views on the Thames. Drawn on stone by Paul Gauci. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co. Nos. I. and II.

EACH plate contains four views of a convenient size for illustration, and sufficiently well executed to convey a general resemblance of the place represented. In Plate II. (Waterloo Bridge,) the sky, with the moon rising from behind a cloud, is managed with considerable skill.

Margate, Ramsgate, and Environs. Drawn on stone by Paul Gauci. Engelmann and Co. Nos. I. II. and III.

MORE highly finished, and more carefully drawn than the *Views on the Thames*, by the same artist. With five subjects on each sheet, well calculated for the scrap-book, as agreeable recollections of these much-frequented watering places.

Mastiff and Greyhound. Drawn on stone by W. P. Sherlock, after an original Picture by Edwin Landseer, A.R.A. in the Collection of J. Wilton, Esq. Engelmann and Co.

A STUDY of dogs, with tasteful accompaniments and back-ground, executed on stone with much care and ability.

Caught in a Shower. Designed and drawn on Stone by A. Hoffy. Engelmann and Co.

AN execrable performance!

Shakespeare in his Study. Drawn on stone by Thomas Fairland, from the original Picture by John Boaden. Engelmann and Co.

SHAKESPEARE in his study, from the *original picture!* Hear this, Mr. Wivell! Although we do not see much to praise in the composition of *this original* picture of Shakespeare, we must bestow our warmest commendation on the manner in which Mr. Fairland has transferred it to stone; and no less do Messrs. Engelmann and Co. deserve our praise for the brilliancy and depth of the printing.

CHAIRING THE MEMBERS.—We have just had a glance at this companion to Haydon's Election, which is to be exhibited at the Bond-street Bazar on Monday; and were we to say nothing more but that it is worthy to be the companion of that very clever picture, we should do enough to panegyrise the artist, and excite the public wishes to see his performance. But it is, in our judgment, even superior to the preceding work,—richer in colour, as well grouped, and as full of humour, without one meretricious or questionable feature. As before, there is a contrast; and one sweet mourning female is introduced to vary the scene of general revelry. Most of the original characters appear in different ways; and there are also some new inhabitants of *Tenterden*, gaolers, soldiers, &c., and a capital portrait of Haydon himself, watching the scene from a window. We have not room for particulars now; but after naming Hogarth's famous picture on a similar subject, we have no hesitation in adding, that Haydon has nothing to fear from any comparison.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PETITION

From the Antique Gods to the Lord Mayor, on his having declared that their Images were indecently naked, and should not be sold in London if not more clothed.

GREAT Jove of London! from our court,
Where we have sat for dim ages,
We're petrified with a report
That threatens all our images.
'Tis said that we're so naked grown,
That mayors and watchmen loathe us;
And, lest men's hearts be turned to stone,
You mean, forsooth, to clothe us!

My Lord! our words must still be fear'd,
Though once our power was vaster;
And though we are in spirit jeer'd,
We yet are gods in plaster.
Each cries, "Let all my limbs be cracked!
Break me in two!—Heav'n bless me!
Do any thing, my Lord, in fact,—
Do any thing but dress me!"

What harm do we? Though proud to flirt
With Leda, and such as her,
Jove won't corrupt the modest dirt
That swarms in your piazzar;
And Venus liked (nor was it odd,
When linked to such a knock-knee)
To charm Anchises or a God,
But not a whiskered Cockney!

The Hercules may stand at ease,
For having fought so neatly;
No harm the Gladiator sees
In having *peeled* completely;
Men of his calling so must be,
Or how did Gully spar so?
Flora's but naked to the knee—
The Opera-dancers are so.

'Twere well if Phidias could enfold
The forms that he embodied;
But will you trust to tailors bold
To dress ambrosial godhead?
Consider, Sir, how fashion flies,
How modes and dresses falter,—
That Nature is the only guide
Which Time will never alter.

Venus without a *roquelaire*
Will soon be thought suburban;
Melpomene must dress her hair
In ringlets or a turban;
A water-proof and broad-brimmed hat
Great Neptune will become ill;
And so must mighty Jove's cravat
Be stiffened up *au Brummell!*

Now, Mrs. Gill* may fashion out
(No person could be properer)
Old ladies for a squeezing rout,
And damsels for the Operar;
And Mr. Muski† furnish forth
Blue coats for him who chooses;—
But could he cut Apollo's cloth,
Or she trick-out the Muses?

Venus declares, with oath divine,
Freckles your fair shall fall on;
Diana swears she will not shine
The nights you have a ball on:
Mars will desert your boxers tall,
When they are called to battle;
And Hermes teach your watchmen all
To steal—then spring the rattle!

Oh! urge it not! we'll do no ill—
We'll not corrupt your City;
The ugly shall be virtuous still,
And, if they please, the pretty!
Relent, ere some barbarian hand
Of grace and shape has reft us;
And leave us, Sir, as Phidias and
Some thousand years have left us!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(NO. III.)

As we are not literary watermen, we do not look one way and row another; but it would be very unfair in us, while writing this *series* of sketches, not to state, in the plainest language, that whatever matters we may hazard, of direct or indirect application, the original idea which suggested *it*, was a consideration of the shameful pharisaical treatment so generally allotted to Mr. Long Wellesley. Nor let our purest female reader start—the *Literary Gazette* will never uphold any cause but the cause of right and propriety: it will not spare the offender in his offences, but it must abhor the persecutions of falsehood and hypocrisy. We have already confessed the difficulties of our subject: but truth is truth, and great is the good to be gathered from it; and we will prosecute our purpose in our own way. Without the most distant reference to conclusions which, before we finish these sketches, must be sufficiently clear, we abridged some of the statements of Lord Westmeath, as a picture of *that* happiness which attends the marriage state, even where honour, fortune, power, and every thing that can gratify human wishes, exists, when vice, or it may be only folly, is permitted to breach the crystal edifice. "Is she jealous?" said an accomplished seducer, of a wife whom he wanted to destroy; "then my talents have nothing to do." But there are a hundred shades of this colour, though less directly pernicious than the horrid *green*, hardly less sapping to the stability and happiness of married life. A grave man and a spirited (we will not say flighty) woman;—a gay man and any woman who has not sense enough to try the effects of a very few years and her own affections;—reck-

* A celebrated milliner in the nineteenth century.
† A celebrated tailor in the nineteenth century.

lessness and eccentricity;—religion and disbelief, each soured by contradiction;—differences of tastes, discovered late, and unaccommodating;—in short, all the varieties of discomfort and dislike which are engendered where good sense and good feeling do not correct the evil, are all eminently productive of such deplorable results as the pamphlets on which we pen these remarks, exhibit to the pitying (but we fear not the improving) world.

For the very short paper we can afford under *this* head *this* week, we shall depart from Lord Westmeath's family discussions to notice, and very cursorily, the Chancellor's decision on the Wellesley suit, as it affects society—society constituted as every living and observant man knows it is in his own circle, and as every blind man knows it is in the high circle to which this judgment applies. That it will never become a precedent, is almost confessed by the upright and virtuous person who pronounced it; and that suggestion, which could not escape his sagacious mind, has since been strengthened by the publications on the subject.* No doubt indeed remains; and it is certain that the peers will, as they were almost invited by Lord Eldon to do, reverse the sentence pronounced in this case. If they do not; if a majority of lords of parliament, laying their hands upon their bosoms, pronounce that Mr. Long Wellesley, on account of his flagrant misconduct, ought not to have the custody and direction of his own children, we should be tempted to cry out against the hypocrisy of men—ay, even of noble men. We would fain not put appeals in their worst terms,—indeed *we* cannot; but if this gentleman, who, in the course of nature, will by and by be a member of the highest court of legislature,—if this gentleman is unworthy of the control of his own family (for all that has been sworn, and the too much that has been proved against him), we are free to say, that the relations of society, as it exists in this country, are utterly dissolved; and that Mr. Wellesley either is a martyr, or that many of the proudest amongst us ought to be immolated on the same shrine. We have, we fancy, exhausted our spirits in our (would-be jocular) review; and on that apology, hope our readers will wait for all the amusement they expect from these sketches till next and *et cetera* weeks. The discussion involves much of importance to all classes.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE

Opened on Wednesday with *Hamlet:* the house was very fully attended; and Young's and Miss Kelly's performances (the latter having appeared for this night only) afforded a genuine treat to the lovers of the Drama. *Horatio* was played by a Mr. Aitken (from Glasgow) with too much of gesticulation; and a Mr. Lee, also from the country, was the *Laertes*, apparently much frightened, and consequently unable to execute his task.

On Thursday a *Cure for the Heart-ache* could not fail, for Liston and Jones were the medicines. A Miss Curtis made her *début* as *Ellen*, and played it very prettily.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre opened on the same evening, and was equally well attended, to witness *As You Like It* and *Peter Wilkins*. The house has been refitted with very great taste, and the new drop-scene produces a fine effect. The architectural painting, in particular, is extremely beautiful. Miss Jarman, as *Rosalind*, displayed proofs of much improvement in her acting;—a laudable sign, and giving sure promise of future excellence. Wood sang the songs of *Amiens* very sweetly. C. Kemble was the *Orlando*, and Miss Hughes the *Cœlia*.

The *Barber of Seville* on Thursday brought forward Miss Forde as *Rosina*, and Mr. Green as *Figaro*, both of whom were well received, and displayed considerable merit.

Miss Kelly is not engaged at Covent Garden, as we were informed: both to the loss of the stage and public, this admirable actress is not at either of the winter theatres.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday a clever little piece, called *Management, or the Prompter Puzzled*, was produced here; and, with Farren's admirable acting, made a perfect hit. On Tuesday Miss Faucit dropped her earliest courtesy on the stage, in *Letitia Hardy;* and played it so well, as not merely to lead us to the anticipation of talent hereafter, but almost to establish her claim at once as a first-rate actress in a high line of genteel comedy.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Last night this favoured place of amusement closed a season of unexampled success. At the end of the second piece, Mr. Bartley came forward and delivered the following farewell address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Allow me on this the last night of our season to present myself before you with something like a claim to your kind approbation for the almost unparalleled efforts we have made for your amusement during the short season allotted to us. This claim I trust will be admitted, when I remind you that in a period of twelve weeks we have produced no fewer than eight new pieces, seven of which have, under your favour, proved eminently successful: three of that number being complicated and difficult operas, in which it is confidently hoped we have extended the reputation this theatre has laboured to acquire for the cultivation of the musical drama. I beg leave respectfully to announce the determination of the proprietor to pursue the course which under your encouragement he has so successfully commenced,—of producing operas of such standard merit as it is hoped may stimulate the exertions of indigenous artists, and at last bring forward English composers whose efforts shall rival the German and Italian schools. He is aware, that in a country which may fairly boast equality in all, and superiority in some, of the other fine arts, nothing but industry and encouragement can be wanting to excel in this also; and he has little doubt that with some small concessions of prejudice, we shall shortly find that English music will advance its fair pretensions to general suffrage together with the other arts and sciences in which we stand at least at par with our gifted and more favoured neighbours.—Of our other dramas, if it should be charged against us that we have added another to the list of melodramas embracing the characteristics of *infernal* agency (for which this theatre has also, perhaps, been somewhat remarkable), we may venture at least to hope, from its extraordinary success, that it has not been deemed an *infernally bad* one. Another piece (I need not mention the *Noyades*) has given some scope for the display of the great and varied powers of your favourite and highly *talented* [gifted] actress; and we trust the season has also advantageously exhibited much other talent rising rapidly in your favour and estimation."—[The usual complimentary farewell followed.]

But we give this speech because what has been done here deserves the critic's praise, and the especial encouragement of the lovers of the Drama. It will be perceived that very extraordinary exertions have been made for the entertainment of the public in a short season. No fewer than eight new pieces have been produced; and, with the exception of the farce of *Courting by Proxy, or Miss Wright*, all have been eminently successful. The patent theatres, with their lengthened winter seasons, do not exceed in number or variety the novelties of the English Opera House; and when it is remembered that three of these dramas are full, complicated operas, great credit is due to the director, manager, and performers, for their industry and perseverance.

The proprietor may also congratulate himself on another important point,—in having concluded a highly successful season without the aid of *stars;* by which he has proved that a good company of performers will give more general satisfaction to the audience, and certainly be more beneficial to the receipts of the treasury, than a system which mutilates the Drama, while it can only imperfectly display its highest powers.

Subjoined is a list of the pieces, with the names of the authors and composers, and the number of nights they have been performed:

Pieces.	Nights.	Authors.	Composers.
July 7. Bottle Imp, Musical Romance	44	Peake.	G. H. Rodwell.
14. Noyades, Historical Anecdote	29	Griffin.	M. Moss.
24. He Would Be Thought, Operetta	22	Kimpton.	Kearns. Mozart; arranged to English words by Hawes.
29. Tit for Tat, or the Tables Opera	20	Hampden. Napier.	Louis Maurer; arranged to English words by Hawes.
Aug. 23. Not for Me, or the New Apple of Discord, Opera	9	Hampden. Napier.	Hawes. Weigl; arranged to English words by Hawes.
28. Miss Wright, or courting by Proxy —Farce	3	Moncrieff.	Milner.
Sept. 5. Pirate of Genoa, Opera	14	Milner.	Reid.
18. Quartette, or Harmony interrupted, Operetta	14	Reid.	Hawes, &c.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On Monday commenced the much-looked-for campaign, under the joint auspices of Mathews and Yates, at this theatre; and it was crowded to the ceiling,—a fair prospect of what it is likely to be throughout the season, where such vigorous and various talent is concentrated. The performances were, a burletta, *de circonstance*, called *Wanted a Partner;* another new comic burletta, entitled *My Absent Son, or Brown Studies;* and the justly popular favourite, *Presumptive Evidence.* Very early in the evening, truly before the drawing up of the curtain, it was obvious that there was a faction in the house, hostile to its success; and hardly had the first piece begun, when this party gave way to the most boisterous and noisy interruptions, which were continued, with more or less violence (and pauses between), till the conclusion of the second burletta. This, of course, rend-

* Three editions of Mr. Wellesley's Two Letters have caused a great revolution in public opinion upon this question.

ered it very difficult for either actors or critics to *perform* their duty; and we, as Mathews was obliged to do, must claim indulgence, if we happen to judge amiss in this instance. *Wanted a Partner* is one of the best productions *of its kind* which we ever witnessed. Advantage is very happily taken by its author of the condition in which the Adelphi was left last year, and of Mathews's inexhaustible versatility. Yates is the advertiser for a partner, but with a *sine quâ non* that he shall not be an actor; and Mathews answers the summons in several characters, and at last *in propriâ personâ*. As Mac (Something), a Scotch penurious manager; as Dangle, a fashionable fop, addicted to green-rooms, the patronage of actresses, and the writing of dramas; and as a fat Puff, who imagines that every thing can be done by paragraphs in the newspapers,—he has interviews with the manager of the Adelphi, and ludicrous and characteristic scenes ensue. At last, as we have mentioned, he appears as Charles Mathews, and a cordial union of interests is agreed upon between him and Frederick Yates. Sinclair is then introduced as the musical star of their company, and sings so delightfully as well to justify a higher station, Mr. Planché's loyal and stirring song, "The King, God bless him!"* Miss Graddon and the other performers then appear, and "God save the King" concludes the entertainment. Perhaps this piece was a little too long (as is often the case on a first representation), but being judiciously curtailed, it must be extremely amusing; for it possesses abundance of wit, and humour, and excellent acting.

The next piece, *My Absent Son*, though possessed of great attractions, does not appear to us to be so well calculated for a two-act burletta, or for the Adelphi, as a drama of far less sterling merit might be. There is not space to develop the admirable character of the absent man (Mathews), nor the two clever parts of his father (a sort of Lord Ogleby, and played by Mr. Butler, a *débutant*, after the manner of Farren, in that ancient beau) and Mrs. Giggle (Mrs. Edwin); so that, in effect, the only part that was fully drawn out was that of a negro servant, done to perfection by Buckstone, the reputed author of the burletta. In a production of this class, the touches must be broader, and all those niceties foregone which it would require a full comedy to delineate and bring out. Still, however, there are some capital scenes in *My Absent Son;* and when it shall have obtained a fair hearing, so as to enable the *artistes* to repress its duller exuberances, we have no doubt but it will be made a public favourite, and have a merry run. We have only to add to our praise of the performers, that Mrs. Edwin and Mrs. Hughes seconded the exertions of Mathews, Buckstone, and Butler, with much ability and spirit. In *Presumptive Evidence*, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Daly, Yates, T. P. Cooke, and Benson Hill, were as affecting and effective as ever: the whole went off with loud applause, and often with the louder applause of silent tears.

Friday. The foregoing critique, written on witnessing the first representation, has since been fully confirmed by the event. The two burlettas, much shortened, have been received by crowded houses every night with shouts of laughter; and *My Absent Son*, by retaining all its broader farce, and resigning its finer efforts, is now a most popular piece.

While speaking of the Adelphi Theatre, we must express our surprise at a letter which has appeared in the *Morning Post*, charging its managers with having attacked the patentees of the regular theatres in their opening piece. We are certain that not one syllable was uttered, even in jest, against them.

* We name the author of this favourite song, which is, as far as we know, the only national air that has ever been received as a welcome variety to "God save the King," as we do not remember to have seen Mr. Planché mentioned as the writer of a production so successful from the music-room to the monarch's palace.

VARIETIES.

Electricity.—In a table of the conductibility of different metals, palladium occupies the first place, and mercury the last. The difference is such, that the former of those metals conducts sixty times better than the latter.

Diving Vessel.—The submarine experiment which was made some time ago, by order of the French Minister of Marine, has been since repeated in the Seine at Paris with greater success; but the government have not yet adopted the plan of the inventor.

Scientific Inquiries.—The scientific men who accompanied the French expedition to the Morea, have received orders to spare no expense in prosecuting their discoveries. The botanists are particularly desired to ascertain the kind of grain which can be grown in the Morea with the greatest advantage. They are to report to the Paris Academy of Sciences; a copy being at the same time sent to the King for his perusal.

Indian corn, about which so much has been written lately, is grown very extensively in the South of France, where, however, it is rarely converted into flour for bread, the inhabitants having an opinion that it gives less nutrition than any other grain. At Bayonne most of the horses live on it; but they are said to possess less strength than horses fed upon oats: and, altogether, it is thought so little equal to the grain common to Europe, that if it were not for the facility and abundance with which it is produced in a climate so favourable to its growth, the cultivation of it would be neglected.

The Canning Medal.—A recent Number of *Le Globe* contains a letter to the editors from M. Dupin, the celebrated member of the French Institute, announcing the completion of the Canning medal. It is the work of an artist selected by a committee of the French Academy, M. Galle; who has taken as his model Mr. Chantrey's bust, (from which a bas-relief was executed by M. David, a French sculptor), and has availed himself of the assistance of M. Gérard, to whom Mr. Canning sat for a portrait. M. Dupin states that the result will be an honour to the French school. After enumerating the various services which Mr. Canning had rendered to the cause of Liberty;—the recognition of the independence of South America—the rescue of Portugal from the invasion and outrages of an army of the faith—the proclaiming of the inviolability of the constitutional throne of the heiress of Brazil—the conclusion of the treaty of the 6th of July, which guaranteed the salvation of Greece—and the combining (for the purpose of enforcing the execution of that treaty,) of the squadrons of the three greatest naval powers of the old world,—M. Dupin observes, "the chiefs and ministers of the nations whose liberties Mr. Canning asserted, have shewn themselves eager to be enrolled among the subscribers to a medal which will be a memorial of their gratitude, and which bears as its inscription, '*A la concorde des Peuples: Liberté civile et religieuse dans l'Univers.*'" He adds, that the number of subscribers is so large, that the price of each medal will be only five francs. Two are to be struck in gold; the one to be presented to Mrs. Canning, the other to his Britannic Majesty.

Rousseau.—The Genevese are about to erect a monument to their fellow-citizen, the Author of *Emile*, and have opened a subscription for that purpose.

Dr. Gall.—Two days after the death of this celebrated phrenologist, who had attained to the age of seventy-one, his head was examined, in the presence of a great many of the faculty, at Paris. The face was greatly emaciated. The skull having been carefully sawed, the bones, both before and behind, appeared to be three lines in thickness. About two ounces of bloody serosity was effused between the dura mater and the pia mater. A serous infiltration of the same weight was found under the pia mater, covering the cerebral circonvolutions. On the dura mater, immediately beyond the right sinus, was a pedicular wart-like excrescence, of the size of a large pea. This excrescence, which was of a grayish colour, seemed to be of long standing. The substance of the brain was consistent. That organ was firm, and perfectly regular; the vessels on the surface alone were slightly injected. No trace of ossification appeared in the cerebral arteries, notwithstanding the advanced age of the defunct. The cerebral ventricles were not opened, as it is intended to preserve the brain; but, in passing the finger under the whole circumference, no part felt depressed, as is the case when there is any internal disorganisation. The weight of the cerebral mass was two pounds, ten ounces, seven drams, and a half.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The weight of the diamonds found by the government agents in the district of Tajuco, in Brazil, from 1772 to 1818, was 1,298,037 carats; and the quantity received from farming out the mines to a company, after the government had ceased to work them on its own account, was 1,700,000 carats, being together equal in value to about 67,000,000 sterling. The largest of the Brazilian diamonds hitherto obtained weighs 138¼ carats. It was found in the year 1771, near the River Abaité, by a poor negro slave, who was liberated, and had a pension of nearly 50*l.* per annum settled upon him for life.

Parisian Theatres.—Most of the Parisian theatres have undergone a recent inspection, by order of the government, for the purpose of ascertaining their solidity, and the number of persons that each will accommodate. The Academy of Music is calculated to hold 1937; the Théâtre Français, 1522; the Comic Opera, 1720; the Italian Theatre, 1282; the Théâtre de Madame, 1040; and the Vaudeville, 1257. The managers of these theatres are prohibited from issuing a greater number of checks to the money-takers than the houses will accommodate with safety and comfort.

Broken Heart.—In the *Times* obituary of Wednesday is announced the death of a gentleman at Lambeth, "in the *eightieth* year of his age, with a *broken heart*, through much [and we should suppose long] neglected merit."

A French paper (Le Mentor), announcing Otway's *Venice Preserved* at the English Theatre in Paris, calls it a "*Tragedie en 5 actes de Doteway!*"

The last worser as bad: from the New College.—Why am I, when I put by money, like myself when I squander it? Because in either case *I am-ass.*

Why is an oak tree like a tight shoe? Because it produces a-corn.

Why may the air equally as well be called fire, earth, or water? Because it is æther (either).

Why is a double line of stables like a theatre? Because they are both for a-mews-meant and profit.

My daughter Anne used to be dull; why is she lively since her marriage? Because she's Anney-mated.

Why is a diligent boy like a Thames waterman? Because he's constantly "a-plying."

Why is a black-leg superior to a man who is superior to him? Because he's a better.

Why is a man who praises his wife too much, like a man who abuses his wife too much? Because he over-rates her.

Why do hop-pickers keep so close to one another? Because they are all-to-gather.

Why are Europeans with white swellings like Africans? Because their knee grows.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Washington.—The forthcoming publication of the works of General Washington, with Notes and Historical Illustrations by Mr. Jared Sparks, is to be divided into six Parts:—1. Letters and Papers relative to his first Military Exploits in the French War, and as Commandant of the Forces in Virginia. 2. Letters and other Papers concerning the American Revolution. 3. Private Correspondence on Public Affairs. 4. Messages and Addresses. 5. Private Letters. 6. Papers on Agriculture.—From the age of twenty-two, until the moment at which he assumed the command of the army of Virginia, Washington had a custom, which he never relinquished during a long and active career;—he kept copies of all the letters which he wrote; even of those which related only to his domestic affairs. For a long time he made those copies with his own hand; and he left all his papers in such perfect order, that it would seem as if he foresaw the importance which posterity would attach to his minutest actions, and as if he wished to submit even the details of his private life to their inspection. Of course, it would be impossible to publish all his manuscripts; for they would amount to above sixty folio volumes. Mr. Sparks has selected from them those which seem to him to be the most important. —*Revue Encyclopédique.*

German Literature.—M. Odofred Muller will publish this year the fourth and fifth volumes of his History of the Greek Nations and Towns; and also, in two volumes, his great work on the Etruscans. M. Schaab, of Ments, will publish, in three volumes, a History of the Discovery of Printing, by Jean Gensfleisch; and a History of the Rhenish League. M. Stifft will publish a Geognostic Description of the Duchy of Nassau; principally with relation to the mineral waters. And Professor Voemel is preparing, at Frankfort, an edition of Demosthenes, with a very elaborate commentary. At Munich, a periodical work has been commenced, the object of which will be to publish annually every thing that respects the University of that capital.

Russian Literature.—Among the most valuable publications that will take place in the course of the present year in Russia, will be that of the twelfth volume of the History of Russia, which the celebrated Karamsin left unfinished, but which has been continued by M. Bloudof. To this volume M. Stroef will annex an analytical table of the whole work.—M. Serge Glinka, the author of a History of Russia, is preparing a History of the Life and Reign of Alexander the First, in two volumes octavo. M. Wrentsenko is about to send to the press his translation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, which is highly spoken of.

Theatre.—The "Seasons" have lately been translated into Italian prose, by Patrizio Muschi, and published at Florence. There had been several previous translations of them into Italian verse; but their want of success, or the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, induced M. Muschi to prefer prose. A preface contains the life of Thomson, and an analysis of his works.

The Wolfenbuttel Library.—Under the title of "Bibliothecæ Guelferbitanæ Codices Græci et Latini Classici," Dr. Ebert has just drawn up a valuable notice of the manuscripts in the library of Wolfenbuttel, amounting in number to nine hundred and forty-two. They are of great and acknowledged importance, especially with reference to philological studies.

French Periodicals.—The circulation of newspapers in France since the peace has increased at least twofold; and in some of the provinces the number of political and scientific journals is in the proportion of five to one of what it used to be. An official return is preparing of all the periodical works now published in France, with the numbers which they circulate. It is supposed that this is doing for the purpose of ascertaining the amount which a small additional tax upon them would produce to the government.

M. Ventouillac is engaged in a work on French Literature, on a new plan, pointing out the best publications of the principal writers of France; the character of each being established on remarks selected from English and continental critics.

The proprietors of the Boy's own Book are preparing for speedy publication, a volume devoted to the Recreations and Pursuits of Young Ladies. While mentioning this, we may observe, that they have purged the former work of much to which we objected as unfit for youthful reading, and far less for youthful instruction.

The Annuals.—Competition for ever! say we, in annuals, and quarterlys, and monthlys, and weeklys. If the public do not encourage more than one, it is most likely that that one will soon become as unworthy of encouragement as any sinecure placeman. The *Souvenir* has got an admirable and most characteristic likeness of Sir Walter Scott, to supersede a subject print previously engraved; and the *Keepsake*, we see from its advertisement, has accomplished one of the three names we mentioned as unseduced by the golden or persuasive arts of the annual editors—that of *Moore*. After this, we should not wonder to find "the Campbells a' coming, o'ho!" or the Rogers a' running, o'ho! o'ho!!

In the Press.—The Book of Health; a compendium of Domestic Medicine.—Every Man's Book, for 1829; containing Twenty-one Public Acts passed last Session, &c. —A new edition, with a prefatory Address, of an Epistle from Abelard to Heloise, by Thomas Stewart, Esq., nephew to the late Sir William Drummond.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Rovigo's Memoirs, English, Vol. IV. 8vo. 16*s.*; French, 14*s.* sewed.—Buckler's Account of Eltham, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Bradburn's Story of Paradise Lost, for Children, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—An Essay on Acting, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Hamilton's Modern Millenarianism, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.	*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday.. 25	From 51. to 71.		29.92 to	29.84
Friday 26	—— 47. — 73.		29.75 —	29.76
Saturday .. 27	—— 52. — 58.		29.82 —	29.81
Sunday.... 28	—— 40. — 62.		29.76 —	29.72
Monday .. 29	—— 51. — 66.		29.56 —	29.57
Tuesday .. 30	—— 43. — 63.		29.74 —	29.60
October.				
Wednesday 1	—— 46. — 58.		29.56 —	29.60

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 25th and 26th ult., generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen 1.125 inches.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ In referring to our review of fictitious publications, the coinage of our own brain, we beg to notice that this *jeu d'esprit* was written early in the week, when there was literally not one new work of any general interest before us; and we imagined that such a piece of pleasantry might amuse our readers at a period of absolute dearth and dulness. The publications which have since appeared have, however, claimed our earliest attention; and the only article we have been obliged to postpone is a short extract from Dr. Granville's Travels.

Many communications received too late.

By a letter, signed Henry Washbourn, Salisbury Square, and an accompanying volume, we are informed that Mr. W., in December, purchased from the trustees of Mr. Whittaker the remaining stock of the book entitled Topography of all the Vineyards, &c., alluded to in our last *Gazette:* and, farther, that having made very considerable alterations and improvements in this work, adding the Butler's Manual, occupying nearly one third of the new production, he republished it under a slightly changed name; intimating, at the same time, to *the trade*, and advertising, that it was not altogether an original work. As this seems to have been a fair course, we consider it but justice to insert the explanation.

We won't be accessary to any pastry-cook puffs, and therefore decline the very fine lines on Miss Verrey.

Good sense and justice need fear no quip from us. We insert, with pleasure, the remark on Smeeton's Doings in London; for we should think ill of our *Gazette* if it were not as much liked by "the class of respectable tradesmen" as by any other class whatever, always excepting *the sex* and *the young*. Before graybeards, and literati, and artists, and men of science, we lift up our heads as their best of caterers—for we know that information is most agreeable to them if communicated in a way equally intelligible to girls and boys; and when occasion needs, we can communicate with them in their own language, though it ought not to prevail in a popular journal. But to the matter, which is curious in itself:—the fraternity of London beggars, it seems, do not, as Mr. Smeeton asserts, sell their broken bread to biscuit-bakers, to be ground into tops and bottoms. On the contrary, stale bread is thrown by bakers among the raspings and sweepings of their shops, for dog's-meat. Tops and bottoms (what association in the name!) are, we are assured, "made of the best bread-dough, with the additions of butter, sugar, and often milk, for children's food (the lucky things!); and if not fresh and delicate, they are unsaleable." O! that children would be happy with their tops—we say nothing of their bottoms!

Errata in Celestial Phenomena for October.—Page 617, col. 2, line 19, *for* Arlon *read* Orion; p. 617, col. 3, line 14, *for* scirrhous *read* cirrus.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S NEW PICTURE of CHAIRING the MEMBERS, (Mock Election, King's Bench), WILL OPEN on Monday next, at Ten o'Clock, Western Exchange, Old Bond Street.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CXLIV. for October.

Contents: I. Ireland and the Catholic Question—II. The Sphinx; an Extravaganza, etched in the manner of Callo—III. Ireland as it is, in 1828.—IV. Bath; a Satire.—V. Tales of the O'Hara Family—VI. The Present State of Affairs—VII. Court of Darkness—VIII. The Brownie of the Black Haggs. By the Etrick Shepherd—IX. The Two Voices. By F. H.—X. Ballad Stanzas. By Delta—XI. Antescript—Noctes Ambrosianæ, Nos. XXXVII. XXXVIII.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October 1, contains, among a variety of original Articles,—I. Irish Proceedings; the Clare Election—II. Self-Love and Benevolence—III. The Boon of Memory. By Mrs. Hemans —IV. Good Living the cause of Bad Writing—V. Patronage and Art; the British Institution—VI. The French Governess—VII. Letters from the Levant; Castelorizo, Antiphellus, &c.—VIII. The dying Raven—IX. Society in India—X. Travelling Oddities —XI. On Playing Punch—XII. Flowers—XIII. Sketches of Parisian Society—XIV. London Lyrics—XV. Table Talk Abroad; the Bas—XVI. Encomium Moriæ; or, the Praise of Folly— XVII. The Clarendon Correspondence—XVIII. Field's Memoirs of Parr—XIX. Lines written on the Plains of Cannæ—and the usual Varieties in Politics, Critical Notices, the Drama, Music, Fine Arts, Domestic and Foreign Varieties, Biographical Particulars of Persons lately deceased, Provincial Occurrences, &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

THE EDINBURGH MEDICAL and SURGICAL JOURNAL, No. XCVII. for October, price 6*s.*

Also,

The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, conducted by Professor Jameson, No. X. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

Printed for Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

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THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. III.

"The capacity displayed in certain portions of the 'Foreign Review,' exemplifies in a very eminent manner, how much may be done towards a judicious cultivation of those distant springs of learning which we have hitherto suffered to pour their streams into the heart of lifeless and ungrateful communities, and of which we have known little more than the sound. The article on Astronomy is done in the very spirit of scientific research; and some translations from Ingemann, the Danish poet, are well executed."—*Atlas.*

"The 'Foreign Review' numbers amongst its contributors some men of splendid talents and acquirements, and it is edited with great judgment and industry. We have pleasure in quoting a passage from an able article on Goethe."—*London Magazine.*

No. IV. will be published in a few days.

London: Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street; and by all other Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Price 7*s.* 6*d.* No. V. of

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Contents:—I. Arabic Literature—II. Language and Literature of the Magyars (Hungarian)—III. Guizot's History of the English Revolution—IV. Mazure's History of the Revolution of 1688—V. Laplace's Celestial Mechanics, Vol. V.—VI. Karamsin's History of Russia—VII. French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century—VIII. Greece—IX. The Pyrenees—X. Tegner's Legend of Frithiof—XI. Russia and Turkey. Critical Sketches: XII. Protestantism in France—XIII. Mailer's History of Gnosticism—XIV. Wronski's Canons of Logarithms—XV. Sempere's Greatness and Decline of Spain—XVI. De Vigny's Cinq-Mars, a Romance—XVII. Dandolo's Letters on Rome, Naples, Venice, and Florence—XVIII. Van der Velde's Life and Letters—XIX. Grabbe's Dramatic Poems—XX. Vassalli's Maltese Grammar— XXI. Hebenstreit's Dictionary of Classical Bibliography—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. V.—List of the principal new Works published on the Continent, from May to August 1828.—Index to the Second Volume.

Published by Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, 30, Soho Square.

No. VI. will appear in December.

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